PRIVATE EYE

£1

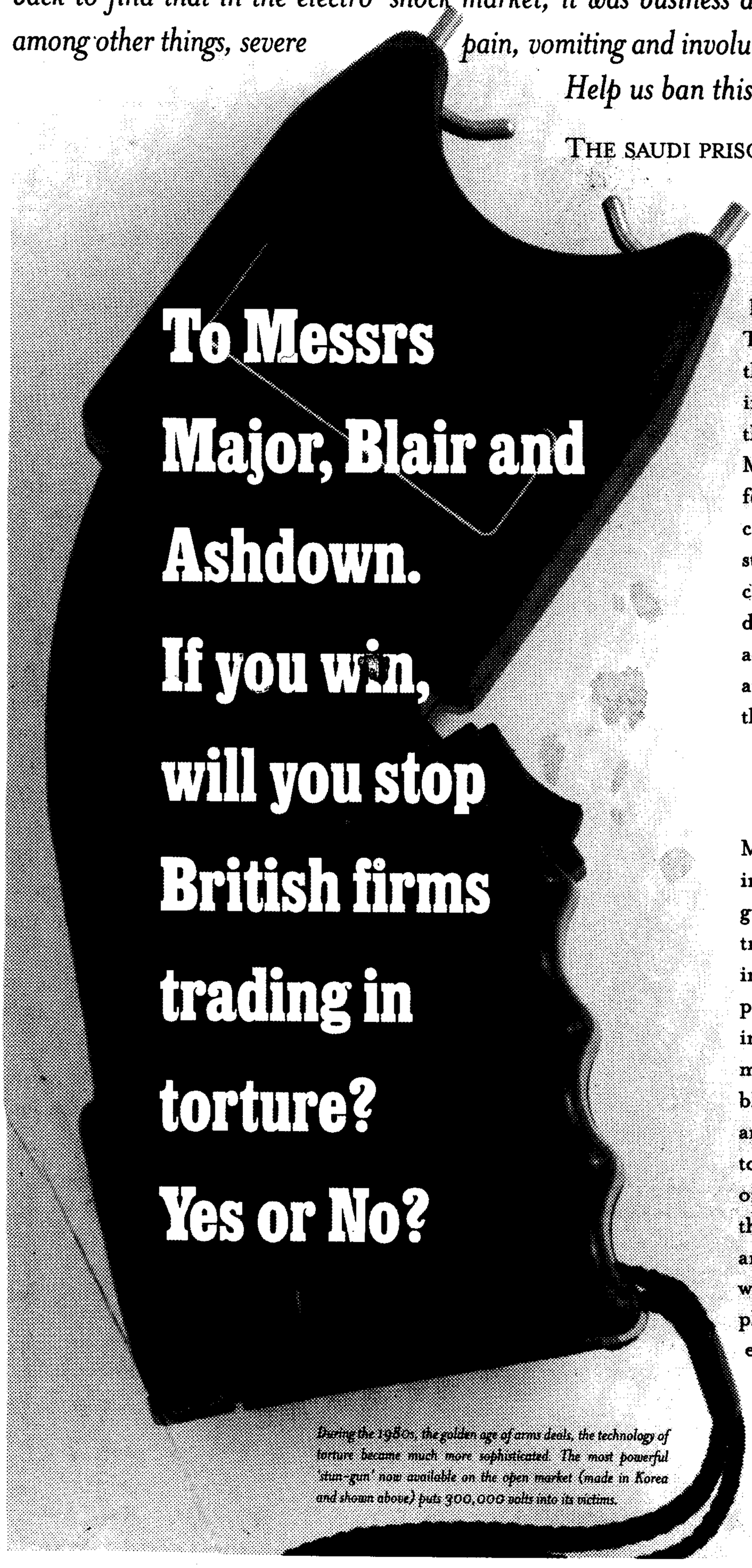
No. 923
Friday
2 May '97

BLAIR LANDSLIDE

NEW ERA DAWNS

Amnesty International has repeatedly asked the Government to stop UK companies trading in electro-shock weapons used in torture. In 1995 a Channel 4 documentary exposed the extent of the trade. Despite a scandal in the media, nothing was done to stop the trade. A year later the same film-making team went back to find that in the electro-shock market, it was business as usual. Electro-shock weapons cause, among other things, severe pain, vomiting and involuntary release of the bladder and bowels.

Help us ban this sick trade.



During the 1980s, the golden age of arms deals, the technology of torture became much more sophisticated. The most powerful 'stun-gun' now available on the open market (made in Korea and shown above) puts 300,000 volts into its victims.

THE SAUDI PRISON was like an oven, but Muhammad did not care about the heat. He feared the cool evening. Evening brought boots in the corridor and his cell door opening. Every evening the nightmare began again. Batons thudded into him. A high-pitched buzz meant jolting agony. The pain of 100,000 volts forcing themselves through flesh was indescribable. His body leapt in panic, tried to turn itself inside out to escape the torment. Vomit, hot and violent, flooded Muhammad's nose and mouth as his stomach fought to heave the pain out of him. But like his cries and pleas for mercy, the pain never stopped. It went on and on until he had lost all control of his body, his bowels, his water. As dawn brought the return of heat he would wake, aching and dumbly terrified, in his own vomit and urine where they'd left him, thinking, 'Yes, that is how they want you to be during a torture'.

The state of the torturer's art.

Electro-shock torture like that inflicted on Muhammad in Saudi Arabia is used on prisoners in at least 50 countries. To fire an electro-shock gun you push it against the victim and press the trigger. A charge of up to 300,000 volts flows into their body. The effect varies from person to person but there is always severe pain. The victim immediately loses control of his muscles. He may convulse or faint, release his bowels and bladder. We say 'he', but electro-shock weapons are often used against women and experienced torturers concentrate on the most sensitive parts of the body - the lips, inside the mouth, ears, on the soles of the feet and genitals, inside vagina and rectum. Torturers like electro-shock weapons because, despite inflicting crushing physical and psychological pain (longer term effects include black depressions, impotence, hair loss and post-traumatic stress disorder) they leave little outward trace.

"We'll get complaints from Amnesty."

A 50 year old university professor – whom we will call 'Roberto' – was arrested in

Zaire. The police into whose clutches he came were amateurs. They began giving him a savage beating. An officer stopped them, explaining that what they were doing "will leave scars and we will get complaints from Amnesty".

The officer ordered them to use electro-shock batons instead.

Over the next four weeks, the policemen enthusiastically practised the art of electro-shock torture on their new guinea pig. One of the lessons they learned was that when they fired the weapon against his neck or genitals, Roberto vomited, lost control of his bowels and blacked out. They must have enjoyed this, for they did it over and over again.

The Channel 4 'Dispatches' scandal.

Since 1990, Amnesty International has identified more than 100 companies which have offered electro-shock weapons for sale. These weapons are illegal in Britain. It is an offence to possess them, much less to sell or manufacture them, but in 1995, Channel 4's *Dispatches* programme showed secretly shot film of a representative of Royal Ordnance, part of British Aerospace, eagerly bidding to supply large quantities of electro-shock batons to a supposed Middle Eastern customer. The exposé caused a stink but, ironically, the only person threatened with arrest by police was Channel 4's reporter Martyn Gregory himself. A year later, *Dispatches* proved that it was business as usual in the electroshock trade. British firms simply brokered deals through third countries, an order being shipped, say, from a factory in Mexico directly to a client in Africa. Since the weapons never touched British soil, the deals weren't technically illegal. No-one seems to be in a hurry to close this loophole.

The law is fugged.

There is a fug in current laws which encourages companies to be, to quote the celebrated phrase of an ex-Minister, 'economical with the actualité' about dubious exports. Cargos can be disguised by all sorts of euphemisms. A 300,000 volt stun-gun becomes 'a voltage meter'. Governments bend their own rules. The US Government did not ask American firms to obtain export licences for electro-shock batons sent to NATO allies Greece or Turkey, despite evidence that both use these weapons for torture.

Mediha Curabaz, a nurse, fell foul of Turkey's brutal police by refusing to sign a false statement. They gave her electric-shocks to her fingers, nipples and vagina. Mediha said, "they thrust the electric truncheon violently into my sexual organs and I felt a pain as if I was being drilled there with an electric drill. I started bleeding and fainted."

Amnesty International: working worldwide for the release of prisoners of conscience, fair trials for political prisoners and an end to torture, extra-judicial executions, "disappearances" and the death penalty.

A challenge to the political leaders.

Amnesty International wants governments to stop the export of electro-shock weapons to countries known routinely to torture. We want laws to plug the loopholes. More than a year after the Scott Report called for a fundamental review of controls on UK arms exports, this Government has failed to act. Will the new Government elected on May 1st be different?

Amnesty International asks John Major, Tony Blair and Paddy Ashdown to answer, clearly and unambiguously, the question: "If your party wins will you take the necessary effective action to stop British companies seeking to profit by selling electro-shock weapons to countries which torture? Yes or no?"

Don't wait till May 1st, cast your vote now.

Roberto said after his electro-shock torture, 'This type of weapon is really immoral, because the people who make it for torture don't test it on their own bodies and don't know the pain it causes. They make other people suffer simply to make money. It is very sad.'

If you agree with Roberto that it is immoral to profit from selling weapons used to torture people, please help us ram this home to the politicians.

Whichever way you vote (or voted if you're reading this after May 1st), you can register your determination to stop the electro-shock trade – and demonstrate your commitment to basic human rights – by filling in the coupon here and now and joining us or making a donation.

I want to be a member of Amnesty International. Here's my annual subscription fee:

£21 Individual ☐ £27 Family ☐ £7.50 Student ☐ Under 22 ☐ Claimant ☐ Senior Citizen ☐

I wish to donate £500 ☐ £250 ☐ £100 ☐ £50 ☐ £25 ☐ £10 ☐ Other_____

Mr/Ms _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Please charge my Access/Visa/MasterCard number: ☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐

Total _____ Card valid from ☐☐-☐☐ Expires ☐☐-☐☐ H51

Signed _____

If you are paying by credit card, please give the address where you receive your credit card.

Please tick if you do not wish to receive mail from sympathetic organisations. ☐

To join or make a donation please call* 0345 611116. *Calls are charged at local rates.

TO: DEPT. AA. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL UK. FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1HE.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

The Royal Opera

Royal Opera House
Box Office 0171 304 4000

Katya Kabanova

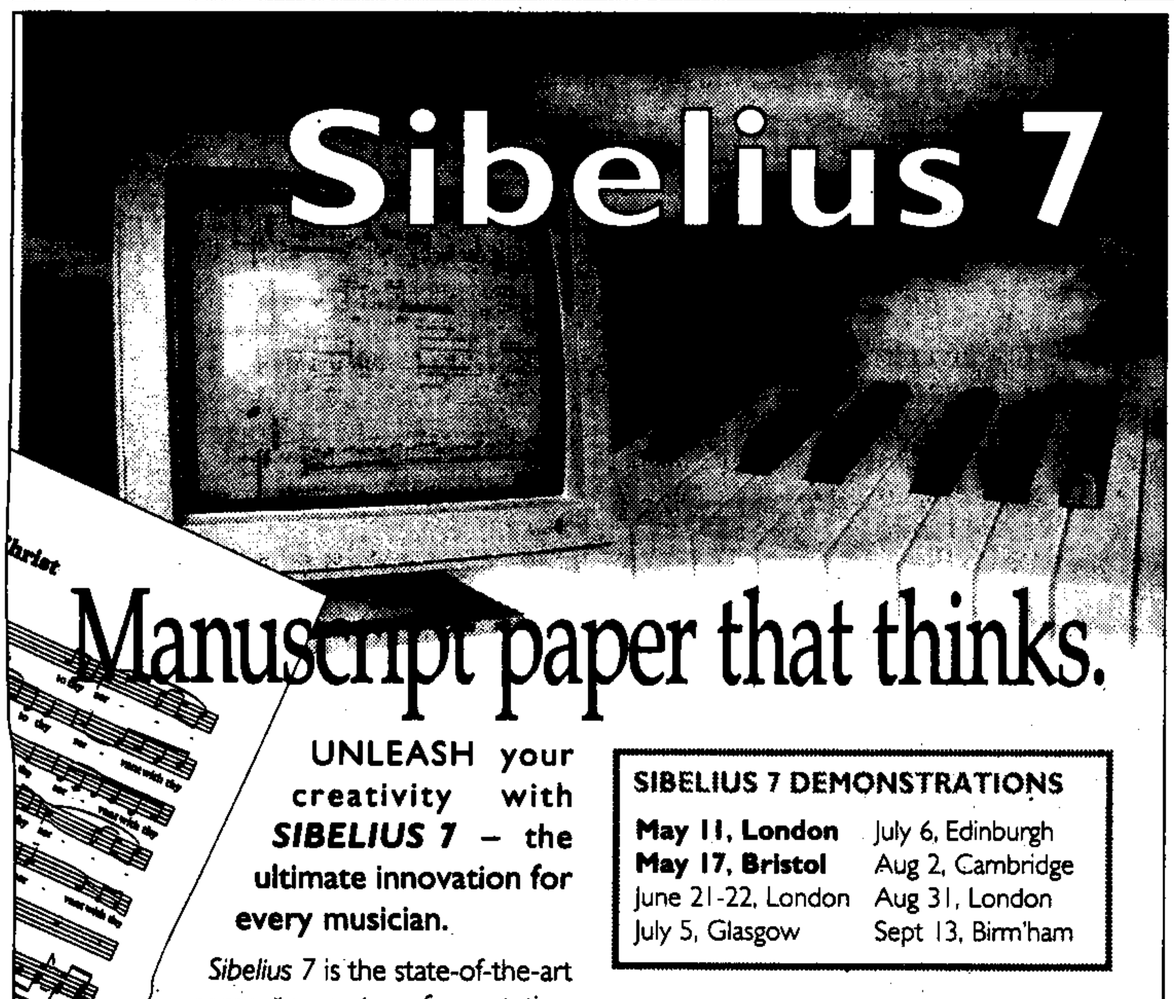
Leoš Janáček

Conducted by Bernard Haitink
Directed by Trevor Nunn

23 May at 8pm
26 29 May
2 4 6 June at 7.30pm

Sponsored (1994) by the Royal Opera House Trust and The Friends of Covent Garden

Sibelius 7



Manuscript paper that thinks.

UNLEASH your creativity with *SIBELIUS 7* – the ultimate innovation for every musician.

Sibelius 7 is the state-of-the-art computer system for notating, printing and playing music. It's ideal for anyone who wants to compose or arrange. *Sibelius 7* is unbelievably easy to use, and even handles chores such as transposing and extracting parts – in seconds.

Sibelius 7 is used by the world's top composers, performers, publishers and conservatoires – including the **Royal Academy of Music, BBC** and **Peters Edition**. It's used to write music for everything from the **Proms** to major films such as ***Richard III***.

Phone us on **01223 302765** for a full information pack, and free tickets to any of our forthcoming demonstrations.

SIBELIUS 7 DEMONSTRATIONS

May 11, London	July 6, Edinburgh
May 17, Bristol	Aug 2, Cambridge
June 21-22, London	Aug 31, London
July 5, Glasgow	Sept 13, Birm'ham

"Powerful and effective"
– Michael Tilson Thomas (conductor)

"This extraordinary computer program has changed the music profession forever" – *The Times* leader column

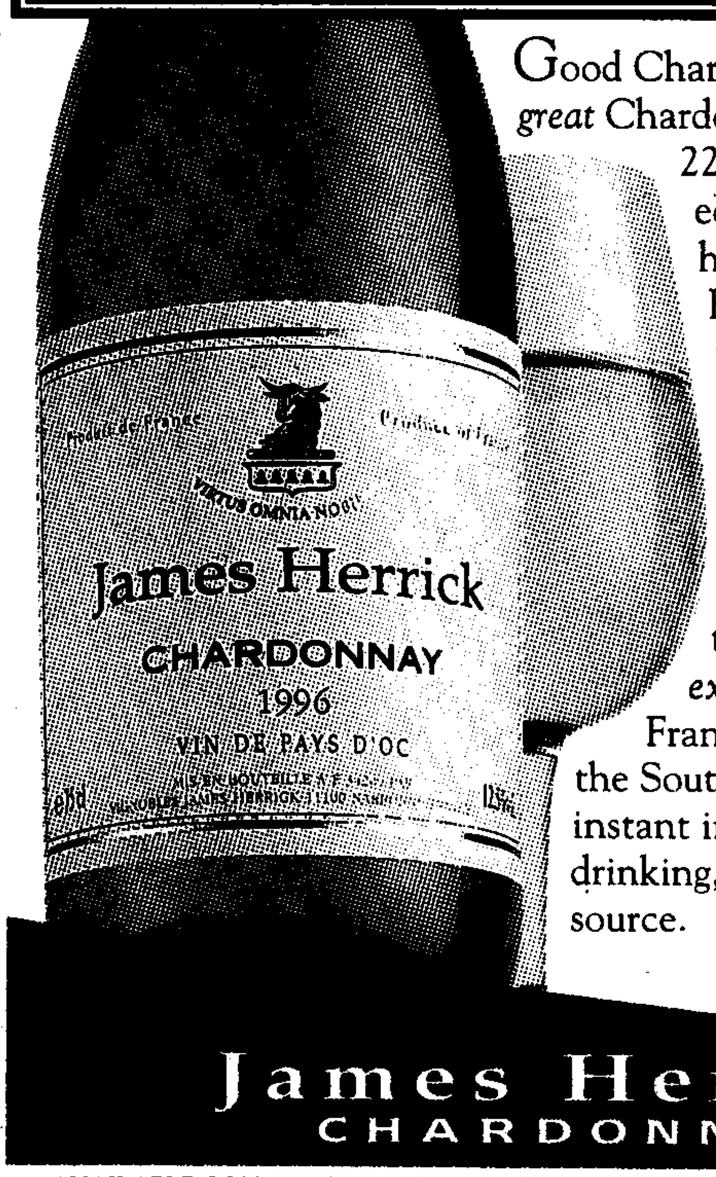
"In a totally different league from anything else"
– Royal Academy of Music

Complete systems with state-of-the-art Acorn RISC computer, monitor and A4 printer from £2399

Sibelius Software, Freepost CB344, Cambridge CB1 1BR
Tel: 01223 302765 • Fax: 01223 351947
www.acorn.co.uk/developers/sibelius/
email: info@sibelius-software.com

Available worldwide – contact us for dealers outside UK

They say travel broadens the mind; it certainly improves the Chardonnay.



Good Chardonnay can be grown but *great* Chardonnay has to be *learned*. 22 years of globetrotting education and experiment have made James Herrick's Chardonnay what it is: a consummate blend of New and Old World skills learned in Champagne, Australia and California. And turned into a fresh-tasting, long-finishing *vin extraordinaire* in some of France's oldest vineyards, in the South of France. For an instant improvement in your wine drinking, travel to your nearest source.

James Herrick
CHARDONNAY

AVAILABLE COUNTRYWIDE FROM ASDA, BERKELEY WINE, BOTTOMS UP, THE CO-OP, E.H. BOOTH, ELDRIDGE POPE, EUROPA, FULLER'S, MORRISONS, ODDBINS, RUSSELL CELLARS, SAINSBURY, SOMERFIELD, SPAR, TESCO, THRESHER, UNWINS, VICTORIA WINE, WAITROSE, WINE CELLAR, WINE RACK.

Gnome

I HAVE deliberately left it to the last minute before declaring my own views on the choice facing the public in this all-important election.

As a newspaper proprietor, I have never considered it my business to tell my readers how to vote. It has always been my belief that such decisions are entirely a matter for individual conscience.

In the past I have insisted that my editors refrain from taking sides and always maintained an even-handedness with respect to the main parties. If an editor has ever praised the Tories then I have made sure there has been a balancing piece attacking the Labour Party. If there has been a news story criticising the government then I have made certain there has been a front page leader pointing out how much worse the opposition would manage things.

But now, with only one day to go, the overwhelming prospect of a Labour government has concentrated my mind powerfully and I have decided that it is suddenly very important for me to go public.

A Labour landslide with Mr Blair in power is a terrifying thought for an industrialist and media magnate like myself. Unless, of course, Mr Blair knew that I am a lifetime Labour supporter. Which I am. And have been for hours (surely "years". E.S.).

Which is why I must say to my voters — Vote Labour. Yes, Vote Labour. Blair is the *only* choice. "Things can only get better". New Labour, New Gnome. I ❤ Tony. (*Subs: Fill in the rest.*)

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome,
Humbug House,
London, W1.

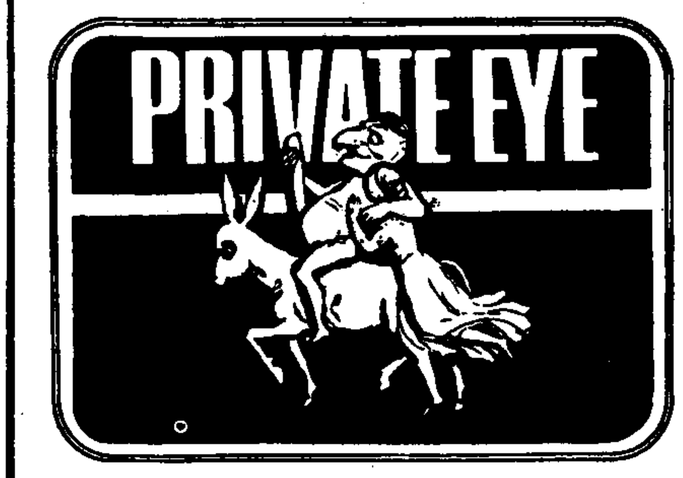
"And you must be Sleazy!"

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail – rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.compulink.co.uk

EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk
WWW:http://www.compulink.co.uk/~private-eye/



COLOUR SECTION

THE last *Eye* published a completely new story about sleaze in John Major's Huntingdon constituency. No one seemed interested, and then three days before polling day Labour's campaign spokesman, Brian Wilson, issued a press release asking the prime minister four questions.

- Why did Huntingdon Conservative Association and its agent, Peter Brown, continue to accept substantial sums of money and favours from Mr Willie Nagel of Punchline, a lobbying firm, when it was obvious his interest was gaining access to you for commercial reasons?
- Were Nagel's donations to Huntingon Conservative Association returned?
- Why were Mr Nagel's overtures (about selling reconnaissance aircraft to Bosnia) even considered when their objective was in breach of an arms embargo which was in place at the time?
- Why was Mr Nagel chosen for a trade mission to Israel led by yourself and who chose him?

If Major replies to these questions the *Eye* will be happy to pass on the answers.

THE wide-ranging influence of former Tory candidate Maureen Tomison, exposed at length in the last *Eye*, is graphically illustrated by an invoice leaked to the *Eye*.

The invoice was sent to Tomison's lobbying firm Decision Makers. It is dated 1 March 1994, and it claims £800 payment for four days' work, plus £140 VAT. It also claims £25 travelling expenses "return trips to Dunstable and Huntingdon". The invoice came from Catherine Baldry, of Chaddle Barn, Bloxham, near Banbury, Oxon; Mrs Baldry being the wife of Tony Baldry, then parliamentary under secretary of state at the department of the environment.

ONE casualty in the abortive takeover of the Co-Op by "entrepreneur" Andrew Regan — dubbed "clearly dishonest" by Mr Justice Lightman in the high court — could be Lowe Bell Financial, part of Sir Tim Bell's PR empire.

Just before Regan launched his £1.2bn bid, Lowe Bell poached his PR account from Financial Dynamics. But since then there has been nothing but trouble for the 31-year-old financier.

This comes as no surprise, as Lowe Bell Financial has been on the skids recently. It is losing money; three clients have jumped ship and top executives are at each others throats.

As for Sir Tim Bell, the *Eye* has learnt that John Major has recommended him for a peerage in his resignation honours list. This will raise eyebrows among peers on the political honours scrutiny committee. No doubt their lordships will not be delighted to welcome a PR guru who was a convicted flasher (while running Saatchi & Saatchi) and rampant cocaine user while advising Mrs Thatcher in 10 Downing Street.

UPROAR over the privatisation of the air traffic control system is old hat to the computer boffins at the Inland Revenue's computer contractor, EDS.

The US company (see *Eyes passim*) has again teamed up with weapons systems manufacturer Lockheed Martin (its partner in a bid for a Prison Service contract) — this time to win a contract to provide the new Scottish Air Traffic Control Centre at Prestwick.

The pair are part of a consortium, called Sky Solutions Ltd, which was chosen by the National Air Traffic Services to build the centre using money from the government's private finance initiative. EDS is also negotiating to run the new flight data processing system for the Oceanic Area Control Centre also financed by a PFI.

National Air Traffic Services chief executive Derek McLauchlan said: "The new centre will increase airspace capacity, enhance efficiency and maintain the very highest standards of safety."

He has certainly chosen a plum pair to do it. Lockheed Martin's US parent was fined $21.8m after being found guilty of bribery, and EDS is running over budget for the Inland Revenue self-assessment system by just £600m.

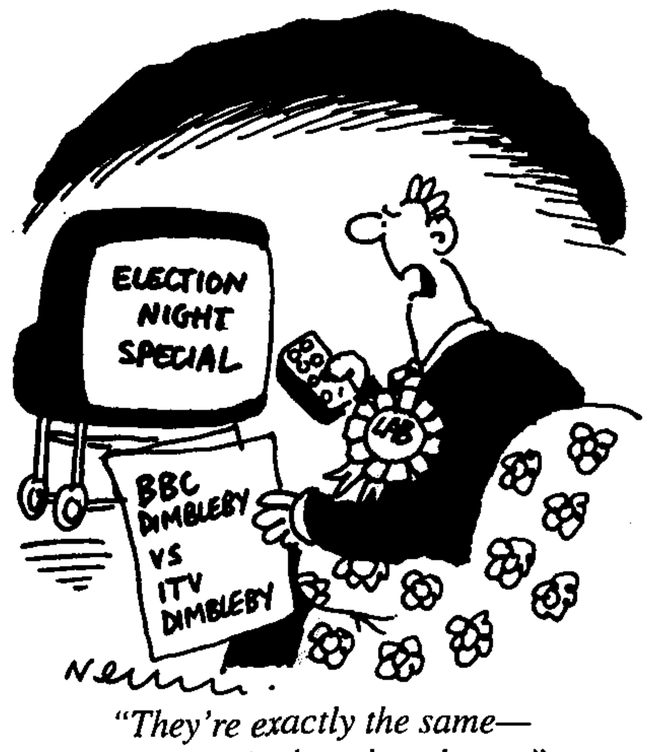
Meanwhile EDS has also scooped the contract to computerise the London Underground ticketing system. Its involvement is sure to bring much-needed efficiency to the chaotic system.

THE nuclear lobby in Whitehall took precisely seven days to bounce back from its defeat at Sellafield over the nuclear waste inquiry. To the fury of the experts who gained the verdict, it has awarded a £345,000 contract to one of its own — for *another* study of nuclear waste.

This time it is the even more difficult problem of what to do about high-level waste, which is the most toxic of all. The money will be paid by the department of the environment — which has just decided, after a survey costing £200m, that the "scientific uncertainties and technical deficiencies in the proposals presented by NIREX justify refusal of this appeal". The technical adviser to NIREX, which earned that slapdown, was Neil Chapman, director of Quantify… the company now chosen to carry out the next report.

Dr Rachel Western, the Friends of the Earth expert who played the key role in defeating the nukes, said: "We won the argument on NIREX's own terms. We presented a scientific argument that was stronger than theirs. The government are using the consultants who have been discredited by the inquiry. It's the same crew who were doing it in the early eighties, they all worked at Harwell together. It's crazy."

- ***H.P.'s Ejection Special*** *8/9*
- ***Square Eye's Public Service*** *10*
- ***Hackwatch in the stars*** *11*
- ***The Last Major Diary Ever Possibly*** *19*
- ***Female Desire*** *25*
- ***Slicker on Regan and Howarth*** *28*



"They're exactly the same— I can't be bothered to choose"

STREET OF SHAME

MORE news of Charles Moore, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who denounced Martin Bell's candidacy for its "woeful distance from the views of the public, who think that journalists are at least as despicable as politicians".

As we pointed out in the last *Eye*, Moore's dislike of journalists who enter politics didn't deter two of his own political hacks, Boris Johnson and Julie Kirkbride, from trying their luck as Tory candidates.

But what of Moore himself? At the time of the North Down by-election two years ago, he was tipped by Belfast newspapers to run as a Conservative and Unionist candidate — and in off-the-record briefings he confirmed that he was giving serious thought to the possibility.

After a fortnight of feverish speculation, however, Moore decided he was too busy at Canary Wharf to take three weeks off for a by-election campaign.

THE football-loving editor of the Scottish *Sunday Mail*, one Jim "Butch" Cassidy, had high hopes of scoring a hat-trick against the Scottish Tories in the run-up to the general election — thus securing a well-deserved knighthood for services to Labour.

The paper was first on the ball with the damaging news of Tory MP Allan Stewart's relationship with a married woman. And it continued its winning form the next week with the exclusive exposé of Scottish Tory chairman Sir Michael Hirst's involvement in gay sex.

Alas, Butch's dream of three-in-a-row foundered when, in the following issue, the *Mail* made a similar claim against Russell Walters, a Tory PPC in Wales and a former member of the barmy right-wing Federation of Conservative Students.

The *Mail* was forced to print a grovelling apology and promise Walters a substantial cash settlement — which will no doubt be put to good use at his forthcoming (heterosexual) wedding. But who was the mischievous author of the loathsome libel? Step forward *Sunday Mail* hack Paul Drury, a card-carrying stalwart of the, er, Conservative party.

HACKS at the *Sunday Mirror* fear their highly respected editor Bridget "Death" Rowe is suffering from Mad Cow disease.

Symptoms apparently include severe memory loss. After a recent purge in which she sacked no fewer than eight senior staff — including the entire news desk — Rowe felt a sudden need to talk to her political editor. "Where's Anne Barrowclough?" she demanded.

"You've just fired her," a hack pointed out.

"Did I?" said Bridget. "Get her back. I want her to write a feature for me — NOW!"

When Barrowclough was invited to return, however, she declined the offer.

Some time later, Rowe was bemoaning the inadequacy of the *Sunday Mirror*'s election coverage. "Why didn't we have this?" she yelled, gesturing at rival papers. "What the fuck's going on?"

Night news editor Philip Mellor broke the news gently, once again: "Er, you've fired your political editor."

"I did?" Bridget shouted. "Oh well, we'd better get another one." But the job is still vacant, along with many other senior posts that have been suddenly vacated on Death Rowe's intemperate orders.

Nevertheless, there is still hope for the ailing rag, as Bridget has informed executives that the paper has a brilliant future as an upmarket "qualipop", modelled on the *Daily Mail*. Alas, her old instincts keep getting the better of her. At morning conference after Tiger Woods's victory in the US Masters, the news, features and sports editors lined up to suggest profiles, interviews etc.

"I don't give a fuck about all that!" Bridget bawled, thumping her fist on the table. "All I want to know is who is he shagging?"

ENEMIES of Mohamed Fayed are looking forward with keen anticipation to his libel case against Condé Nast, owners of *Vanity Fair*, which will open at the high court in October.

But Fayed's lieutenant Paul Spike, new editor of *Punch*, is rather less excited by the impending courtroom drama. For Spike's wife, Alexandra Shulman, is the editor of *Vogue* — which just happens to be owned by Condé Nast.

This may explain an extraordinary remark made by Spike the other day to a senior executive at Condé Nast. He suggested that *Vanity Fair* should offer — publicly — to apologise to Fayed. The phoney Pharaoh would then — equally publicly — refuse the offer. But, soon afterwards, Fayed would quietly agree to a modest out-of-court settlement.

Suspecting a trap, Condé Nast sent Spike packing. Since then, Fayed's sidekick Michael Cole has been strenuously assuring all and sundry that Spike must have been acting on his own initiative, without Fayed's approval. "Mohamed wouldn't send a boy to do a man's job," he said, using the fashionable phrase of the moment.

Can this be so? Friends of Spike know him to be a reasonably straight and honest cove, and cannot believe that he would dream up such a Machiavellian proposal unaided. The scheme has all the hallmarks of Fayed's devious methodology — including the fact that if it was rejected, as it was, he could deny all knowledge of it.

"Hello! I'm Damien, your stress counsellor"

WHAT happened to the much-trumpeted Will Self column in the *Independent on Sunday*?

The official explanation is that editor Rosie Boycott recruited Self only after receiving his personal assurance that the story of his illegal "in-flight refreshment" aboard the prime minister's plane was nonsense. When she realised he had lied to her, she withdrew the offer.

But if this was so, how did the *IoS* obtain its front-page splash in which Self admitted he had been drugged up to the gills while travelling with John Major? The truth is that it was Rosie herself who advised the nasally-challenged novelist to come clean. She suggested that, as a form of Self-help therapy, he should talk to *Sindie* hack Chris Blackhurst before settling down to write his first column for the paper. Self — who hadn't slept for days and was pretty well out of it — duly told all about his heroin habit.

But when his head began to clear, and his girlfriend Deborah Orr told him he must be mad to own up on the front page of a national newspaper, Self tried to revoke his confession — warning Boycott that he wouldn't write for her unless she dropped the piece.

Rosie had a tough decision: either lose the only scoop the beleaguered paper had had in months, or lose a friend and newly-signed columnist. The best instincts of the Street of Shame prevailed and Self's new column disappeared in a puff of smoke.

Meanwhile at the *Observer*, Self's old home (and the paper that put the Tim-Bell-was-a-coke-sniffer story on the front page) there were snorts of a different kind: wasn't it a bit hypocritical sacking Self given the behaviour of certain other writers?

WHEN Fergie sold an interview to Sharon Ring at pisspoor *OK!* magazine for £200,000, she was unhappy with the *OK!* angle — how she'll never reunite with Andy and now goes on "dates", etc — and even more unhappy to read it splashed in the *Express*. Who was the rag's mystery informant? Er, step forward Sharon Ring!

JUST FANCY THAT!

"There is a scene in the middle of *The Saint* that may, in time, come to be viewed as a critical moment in American movies... As the action unfolded, I sat there with my jaw resting lightly on the floor, and I thought, This is what we have been heading for all these years. Here is a film that makes *no sense at all*."

— Anthony Lane, *New Yorker*, 14 April.

"There is a glorious defining moment in *The Saint*, which may well go down in the history of cinema turkeys... As the mayhem piles up, all you can do is sit there with your jaw on your chest, marvelling at a huge budget film which makes no sense at all."

— Chris Peachment, the *Express*, 18 April.

"The old TV series, in which Roger Moore's smirk travelled the world in the fight against crime, boasted only a couple of gimmicks:... [including] the unalloyed joy of the fact that he drove a *Volvo*."

— Anthony Lane, *New Yorker*, 14 April.

"The old Sixties TV series, in which Roger Moore solved the world's problems by raising an eyebrow and smirking, had little to recommend it. The viewer's only secret joy was that he drove a Volvo."

— Chris Peachment, the *Express*, 18 April.

"Although there is a flicker of continuing spiritual agony in the fact that his aliases are named after saints, Simon's main motive seems to be his Swiss bank account."

— Anthony Lane, *New Yorker*, 14 April.

"He is given to turning up in various disguises, each with a new alias which is the name of a different saint. He doesn't suffer much spiritual agony, however, since his main motive is to swell the coffers of his Swiss bank account."

— Chris Peachment, the *Express*, 18 April.

"The Saint switches teeth, hair, clothes and accents in an attempt to remain invisible... [Val] Kilmer has many qualities, but the wholesale abandonment of ego is not one of them."

— Anthony Lane, *New Yorker*, 14 April.

"Val Kilmer switches wigs, teeth and costumes at bewildering speed... As an actor, he has a few virtues, but lack of ego isn't one of them."

— Chris Peachment, the *Express*, 18 April.

***EVENING Standard* editor Max "Hitler" Hastings has been setting new standards for personal shittiness.**

He lunched recently with Londoner's Diary editor Sebastian Shakespeare, who mentioned that he was "stepping out" with Diary secretary Catherine Bligh, a former assistant to Germaine Greer. Max waited a couple of weeks before ordering Shakespeare to fire her — on the grounds that one doesn't hump the hired help.

Shakespeare has demanded that Hitler either find Bligh another position on the paper or let her wait until she finds a job elsewhere. "Hitler" has temporarily retired to his bunker to consider further ways of persecuting his trembling serfs.

Happily for the serfs, there are times when even "Hitler" has to bend the knee and doff his cap. He loathes home secretary Michael Howard, for example; but when his paymaster Sir David English insisted that Howard be invited to lunch, Hastings had to obey.

Howard would not have enjoyed the *Standard*'s hospitality quite so much had he heard "Hitler's" banter beforehand with a group of his own sycophantic senior hacks. "If Howard wins the Tory leadership, I shall quit journalism," he announced grandly. "If Portillo wins, I'll leave the country... But if Redwood triumphs, I'm fleeing this planet."

VANITY thy name is... Chrissy Iley. The *Sunday Times* hackette recently demanded that the paper commission a new photo of her — but not from any old snapper. Iley wanted currently fashionable LA society photographer Fergus Greer at just over £1,000 a pop.

A WHOLE page of last Monday's *Daily Mail* was given over to a puff for a "top-notch property" in Barnes, London SW13. This was bought by the present owners in 1995 for £200,000. They apparently spent £75,000 doing it up and recently decided they might put it back on the market.

The *Mail* called in five estate agents to run their tape-measures over the des. res. and come up with a current value: these ranged widely from £350,000 to (gasp!) over £500,000.

There was one thing the article forgot to mention: the house in question is owned by Wendy Elkington — deputy editor of the paper's *Money Mail* supplement.

MAGS AND MAG-MEN

NICHOLAS COLERIDGE, managing director of Condé Nast magazines, was being somewhat economical with the truth last week when he issued a press release announcing the "resignation" of Angus MacKinnon, editor of *GQ*.

What actually happened was that MacKinnon, exhausted after months of resisting Coleridge's attempts to "dumb down" the mag, had agreed to be sacked — pausing only to collect a year's salary on the way out.

Why was Coleridge so eager to be rid of MacKinnon? One reason is that Coleridge (a pukka Old Etonian who was once described as being "full of hidden shallows") was perturbed by MacKinnon's failure to lead a bustling, New Laddish, Groucho-style media life — ogling Page Three girls, snorting cocaine for breakfast and so forth. He fretted that *GQ* was not being discussed at dinner parties by his upmarket chums, who prefer to leer over lad-porn such as *Loaded*. The fact that readers seemed to like it — *GQ* had just achieved its highest circulation rise in years — was neither here nor there.

Cynical observers point to another reason. While other Condé Nast titles such as *Tatler* and *Vogue* had the sense to give rave reviews to Coleridge's pisspoor novel *With Friends Like These*, in *GQ* it was dismissed as "airport fiction".

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

THESE photos are from internal staff journals for workers at Wapping. The top one — from *NewsCorp World* — shows a posse of Murdoch executives including Bill Davis, human resources honcho. In the other version — from News ("The Newspaper for Everyone at News International") — he has been airbrushed out.

What happened to the poor fellow? Two days after the picture was taken, Davis "resigned" — and, in best Stalinist fashion, immediately became a non-person.

HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! JOHN MAJOR, I hear, has found a new way of by-passing blundering Tory chairman Brian Mawhinney in order to communicate directly to the public and thus win the election.

John's older sister Pat Dessoy pens a weekly column in the *Daily Torygraph*, called "The PM's sister writes". Actually, it should be retitled "The PM dictates", for Honest John has taken to ringing up with suggestions as to what Pat might pontificate on.

Unfortunately there's bitter sibling rivalry here. For the PM does not ring his brother, Terry Major-Ball, who jots Pooterish weekly *pensées* for the *Express*, and Terry is very, very, not inconsiderably annoyed.

HALLO! THE activities of my virile friend Alan Clark continue to make Tory officials rather sensitive.

The parliamentary candidate for Kensington and Chelsea was canvassing near the Old Brompton Road when he suggested entering The Colherne, a notoriously gay gay pub. "Oh no," gasped a constituency officer nervously. "I don't think that would be prudent. Anyway, I'm sure it's in a different ward."

Unperturbed the serial adulterer then strolled into Clone Zone, a menswear shop for gay men. He chatted happily with the clientele and even posed for photographs.

This was greeted with horror by his silly minders but delight by his adoring female canvassers. "At least they can't accuse *you* of being a poof," said one.

"You'd be surprised," replied the tumescent one. "They tried to stick that one on me in 1974 but it didn't work. It was all because I was an Old Etonian."

WORLD OF SPART

HALLO! DURING a visit to London last month, Benazir Bhutto was planning to look up her old chum Tariq Ali, the fun-loving revolutionary — until she bumped into another friend, the equally fun-loving politician "Gorgeous" George Galloway.

"Tariq's been hawking your divorce papers around London to the highest bidder," George informed her.

Appalled by this betrayal, Benazir flew back to Pakistan without speaking to Tariq. She will be even more appalled to learn that Tariq denies the whole thing as complete rubbish.

But why would "Gorgeous" George wish to make trouble for Ali by fabricating such tales? No doubt it is entirely unrelated to the fact that Tariq Ali turned down an offer to write a regular column for the lacklustre new Asian paper *East* — whose proprietor just happens to be George Galloway.

DEJA VIEW

"I sat rooted to Jimmy Goldsmith's election broadcast on Tuesday, wondering where I'd seen that face before. The tan. The white hair. Those piercing eyes. Was it Herff Applewhite, leader of the San Diego suicide cult? But there was something missing. Ah yes, the cat. There's something about Sir James that reminds me of that mysterious figure in the Bond films, quietly stroking a white cat as he delivers his chilling message."

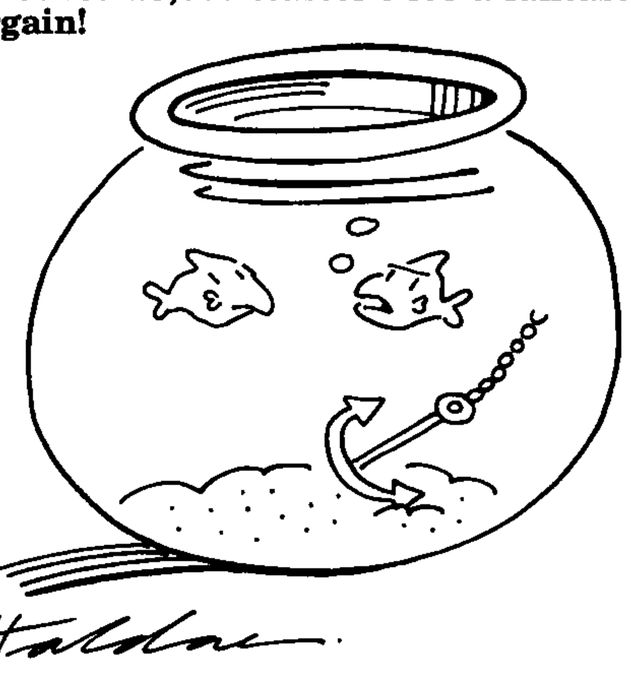
— Rory "Topical" Bremner,
Daily Telegraph, 19 April.

HALLO! LINFORD CHRISTIE lost his Olympic title after false-starting in Atlanta last summer, so he was a bold choice as official starter for the recent London marathon. Poor old Christie nearly missed this race too!

Arrangements had been made to collect the sprinter from his manager's home at 7.30am, allowing plenty of time to drive from south-west London to the start area on Blackheath. When the organiser's driver turned up, however, there was no sign of our Greatest-Ever Athlete.

Frantic calls established the great man was having a problem starting to get out of bed. Quite unnecessary reminders of contractual obligations and a fat cheque however brought Christie to his manager's house 50 minutes late, and a high speed drive then ensured his arrival at the race with minutes to spare. Even so, he still had to sprint across the car park.

Still, as Christie never runs now for less than £25,000, this alone made his rumoured £5,000 starter's fee a fantastic bargain!



"How much did we pay that interior designer?"

HALLO! AFTER an endless round of fund-raising dinners, the Marquesa is delighted to learn that at least one of Labour's celebrity luvvies is poised to get his reward.

Sir David Puttnam, the film producer best known for his Oscar-winning *Chariots of Fire*, has been promised a terribly important government job by Mr Blair: as arts minister or special adviser at 10 Downing Street, I can reveal.

David, a one-time SDPer who returned to the Labour fold, did toy with the offer of a peerage but chose to keep his options open. His secret appointment was agreed six months *before* the election.

While David will react with discretion and good grace, another on the society dinner circuit has been lobbying Mr Blair like a shameless fruit 'n' veg seller at a street market. I refer, of course, to the appalling Sir Charles Powell, husband of the Marquesa's unquenchable arch rival, Carla.

While breaking bread with Tony and Cherie and the dreaded Powells recently, my evening was quite ruined by Sir Charles's incessant pleas that Tony should make him governor of the Bank of England. The cheek of the man!

HALLO! *AS soon as this dreary election is over, I shall be whisked away with Alan Whicker and Lady Carla Powell on a lavish freebie to Egypt, enticed by dashing PR person David Burnside for a luxury tour of Cairo, the pyramids and the battle field of El Alamein!*

All this just to celebrate the inaugural flight to Alexandria by British Mediterranean Airways, of which David is a director, operating under franchise from British Airways — from whom he was so unfairly sacked as public affairs director after BA's dirty tricks fiasco against rivals, Virgin.

'The Marquesa'

ON THE HUSTINGS

CONSERVATIVE candidates persuaded by Yorkshire millionaire Paul Sykes into declaring themselves opposed to a single currency in their election addresses may have signed up to rather more than they think.

Mr Sykes's shilling (or £2,000-£3,000 more like it) looked like a straightforward gesture on the part of a slightly dotty, but generous old tyke with a bee in his bonnet about Brussels. Nothing could have appeared more natural than a chap offering a hefty donation in exchange for advocating a particular policy. In fact, the only unusual aspect was that the money didn't come in a brown envelope and had to go to the local party. But the news that the scheme was organised by Hywel Williams, John Redwood's senior ranking starship trooper, suggests payback time isn't far away.

Signing up to the scheme was tantamount to admitting openly that they put their anxieties about the Euro ahead of party discipline and loyalty to John Major. If 230 parliamentary candidates are prepared to do that in the middle of an election, none of them can complain about Redwood's brazen pitch for the leadership now. In fact, the only morally and intellectually consistent thing to do would be to support him.

Redwood's pitch will be that the leadership question must be settled ahead of the Amsterdam summit in June. That is, before his rivals... Portillo, Howard, Rifkind, Dorrell, Clarke, the boy Hague, silly old Norman Lamont... and, especially, Hezza have time to get their bandwagons rolling.

Meanwhile, Michael Portillo, who's been hanging around the photocopier at central office for much of the campaign, ingratiating himself with party workers (and keeping an eye on Stephen Dorrell who's been doing the same), has been telling cronies that he has a wheeze of his own. He plans to go on television and appeal for calm. He will look statesmanlike and loyal and will imply that Redwood is a tactless careerist.

Only slowly, over a few days, will he allow himself, ever so reluctantly, to be called to save the party and the nation. Unfortunately he's been sold on the wisdom of this approach by someone who, though pink and glassy eyed, sound on Europe and seemingly every inch a Portillo acolyte, is in fact a secret member of the Redwood camp.

'Urquhart'

WITH the election over, Peter Mandelson hopes to keep control over the glamorous Millbank Tower complex from where he directed the party's campaign.

Naturally, "new" Labour is as poor as the old version, and the current lease was paid for by trade union money. It runs out mid-way through the next parliament. As well as coughing up for a new lease, Mandy wants the brothers to continue paying for the grim John Smith House on the Walworth Road, which used to be regarded as HQ.

The prospect of having to subsidise both offices — despite the fact that the party leadership holds them in complete contempt — is too much for many union activists, especially those in Scotland and Northern Ireland (where many union members pay the political levy to Labour even though it doesn't run any candidates there).

Opposition to more funding is likely to grow, as is the possibility that Blair & Co will be homeless before the millennium. Perhaps they could move in with the CBI.

ONE of the mysteries of the general election has been how John Bercow, a former chair of the Federation of Conservative Students, ever got selected for the plum Tory seat of Buckingham.

Perhaps Conservative central office was attracted by his record on immigration and repatriation. For 10 years or so ago, while chairing the federation Bercow was also secretary to an immigration and repatriation committee run by Harvey Proctor, then a Tory MP.

This committee's minutes, as drawn up by the young Bercow, read: "It was formally agreed that the policy of the committee should be: an end to New Commonwealth and Pakistan immigration; a properly financed scheme of voluntary repatriation; the repeal of the Race Relations Act; and the abolition of the Commission for Racial Equality. Particular emphasis on repatriation."

Some years later when party chairman Norman Tebbit broke up the FCS, Bercow sucked up to Tebbit who appointed him head of the Conservative Collegiate Forum, the non-democratic successor to the FCS.

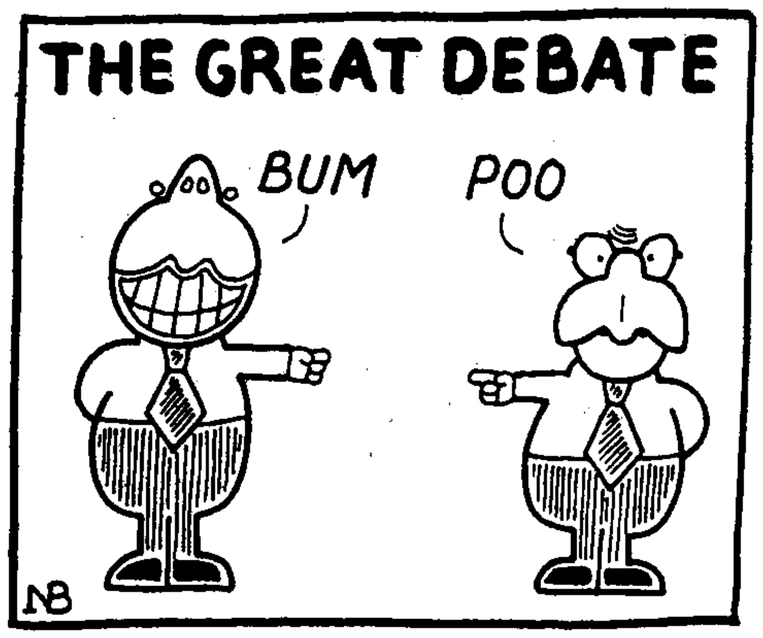
ONE Tory who wouldn't vote for Neil Hamilton in any circumstances is Martin Brandon-Bravo, the former MP for Nottingham South. He has been telling journalists during the campaign: "I wish somehow there was a way of rooting out people like Neil Hamilton."

Brandon-Bravo has also gone public on a curious incident that occurred in a debate in the Commons on 12 December 1989 when Greville Janner, the Jewish Labour MP for Leicester West, was speaking about the Nazi concentration camps. Janner noticed that Hamilton was giggling and said so.

Later, when Janner told the House that half his family had been rounded up in the holocuast, Brandon-Bravo, who was sitting next to Hamilton, heard the Tatton MP mutter (not quite loud enough for anyone else to hear): "The wrong half."

"It was," says Brandon-Bravo, "the most offensive remark I heard on the floor in all my years in the House."

Eyebrows were raised in Surrey Heath where Nick Hawkins was hoping to replace Sir Michael Grylls, recipient of several large ones from former parliamentary lobbyist Ian Greer, as the Tory MP. Tory supporters were asked to display a poster of Hawkins in their windows. It showed the young candidate holding... a large brown envelope stuffed with something very solid. At least the Tories in Surrey haven't lost their sense of humour.



SO West Hull Labour MP Stuart Randall decided not to run for parliament because "my wife Gill and I decided to spend more time together and with other members of the family". What tosh.

Randall was forced out by his party bosses after committing the heinous crime of criticising Hull Labour party; in particular the city's freeloading former mayor John Black.

Last year Randall and Black "clashed" at a function when the MP expressed his contempt for the £12,000 Black had received for being vice-chair of a Tory government-sponsored housing action trust. More recently it was revealed that Black had raked in £42,000 expenses — about as much as the rest of the entire Labour group make, and twice as much as the previous incumbent.

Black says all the expenses were legit but a newsletter recently put out by a Hull Community Centre reckons that £10,000 went on drinks (surely not). Once Randall had voiced his concerns over Hull Labour sleaze, he had to go.

THE mood of former satirist Ian Lang, president of the board of trade, darkened during the campaign, especially when he was lured away from his very insecure Galloway constituency (majority, from the Scot Nats, 2,468) to harangue workers at a Nestlé factory in Carlisle (a fairly safe Labour marginal).

The meeting was arranged by Tory loyalists in the factory management, but when Nestlé head office heard about it an instruction was issued that no Tory minister was to cross the threshold of any Nestlé premises.

It seems the government of Saudi Arabia has banned all British dairy products following the BSE fiasco — and Nestlé's contracts to supply dried milk have been affected. Turned away at the gates, the lanky president was heard to mutter darkly about the ingratitude of a government which relied on so many British arms whose exports he personally had sanctioned.

SIR Michael Hirst's resignation as chairman of the Scottish Conservatives followed a back-biting war for control of the Scottish Tory ranks, according to newspaper reports.

The *Sunday Mirror* pointed its finger at Sir Adrian Shinwell, a former chairman and friend of Sir Michael's, as the chief backstabber. But Shinwell is now fighting back, issuing a writ against the *Sunday Mirror* for defamation.

His statement on the matter concludes: "When the *Sunday Mirror* spoke to me on the telephone the evening before publication and I categorically denied their claims, they responded that the source of their story was 'impeccable'."

Who can this "impeccable" source be? Answers on a postcard please.

VOTE – CONBOY X
YOUR CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE
Robert Conboy – Stamford North Division

people and the better, fairer society they deserve. Yet he's also independent minded, thinking for himself and weighing the issues. His testis always simple. What's best for Grimsby and its people.
Austin Mitchell – Grimsby
Labour

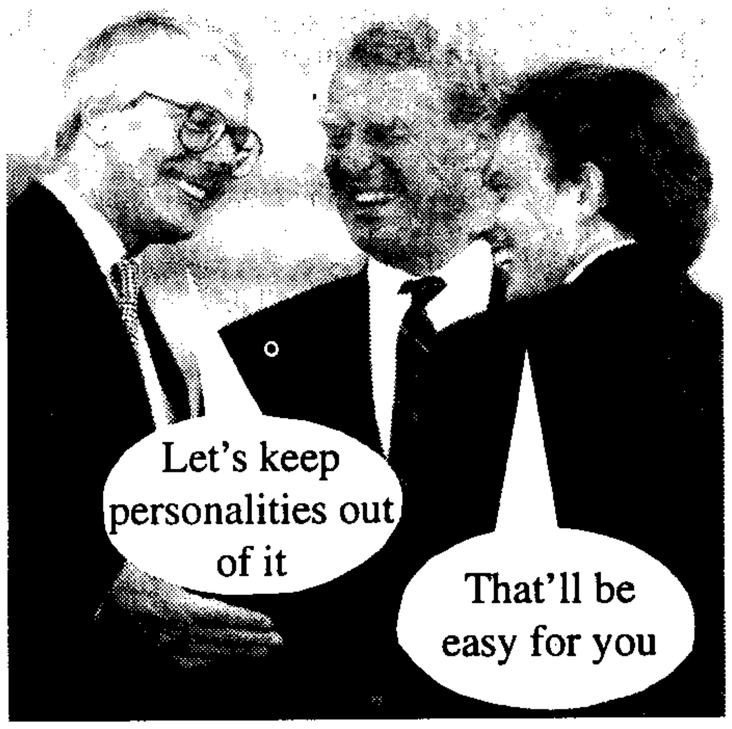
Jackie PEARCEY FOR GORTON
Jackie Pearcey – Gorton, Manchester
Liberal Democrats

A RECENT *Sunday Times* profile of Lord Irvine of Laird, Labour's lord chancellor-in-waiting, referred to an encounter with Tony Blair when the latter joined Irvine's chambers.

Irvine allegedly mocked Blair's wealthy background and Blair stuttered: "Well of course you can criticise my public school education." To which Irvine snapped: "I bloody well will!"

The story was greeted with glee in the fashionable fee-paying City of London school on the Thames where Lord Irvine's elder son was educated from 1985-1992. The younger son went there in 1988, but before he could finish his stint was shifted to Camden School for Girls, a state school which takes boys in the sixth form.

Mischievous and irresponsible political opponents point to the coincidence between Lord Irvine's sudden prominence in the media as a likely future lord chancellor and his son's change of school.

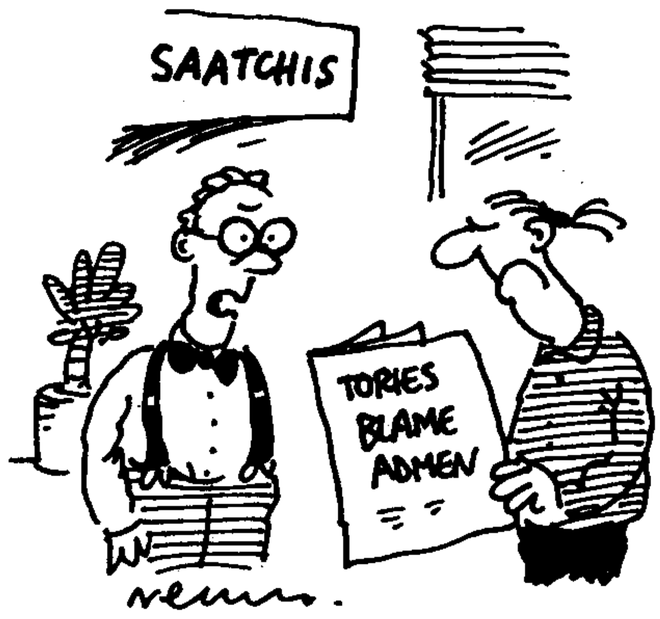


SO West Hull Labour MP Stuart Randall decided not to run for parliament because "my wife Gill and I decided to spend more time together and with other members of the family". What tosh.

Randall was forced out by his party bosses after committing the heinous crime of criticising Hull Labour party; in particular the city's freeloading former mayor John Black.

Last year Randall and Black "clashed" at a function when the MP expressed his contempt for the £12,000 Black had received for being vice-chair of a Tory government-sponsored housing action trust. More recently it was revealed that Black had raked in £42,000 expenses — about as much as the rest of the entire Labour group make, and twice as much as the previous incumbent.

Black says all the expenses were legit but a newsletter recently put out by a Hull Community Centre reckons that £10,000 went on drinks (surely not). Once Randall had voiced his concerns over Hull Labour sleaze, he had to go.



"We're failing to get our message across that it wasn't our fault"

ONE of the most unlikely supporters of the new UK Unionist MP for North Down, Robert McCartney (known to *Eye* readers as one of the two Northern Ireland barristers who accepted £50,000 damages from a local newspaper which alleged they had had an argument over a cream bun) is the Labour MP for Vauxhall and former high-jump champion Kate Hoey.

Writing in the pro-Unionist paper *Current Affairs* last spring, Ms Hoey rejoiced: "The election of Bob McCartney to Parliament has given a boost to the Pro-Union voice in the Commons. Not only is he articulate and personable but his clear and unambiguous support for Labour on social and economic issues has impressed many Labour MPs."

In the same article Kate Hoey made it clear she is no Unionist extremist. For instance, she writes: "I have called for support for integrated education." Does her hero Robert McCartney agree?

Recently he led an angry deputation to protest to Northern Ireland minister Michael Ancram about a government proposal for, er, a new integrated school in North Down. Mr McCartney was quoted as saying that the new school would be "potentially damaging to the status quo in the area, and would duplicate the natural and organic integration already taking place" (*County Down Spectator*, 6 February).

VIDEO NASTIES

REFERENDUM party videos continue to cause problems up and down the country — but not in Buckingham at the home of 86-year-old Mrs C. Clarke.

As she writes: "We have been advised by our local water board to place a brick in our toilet cisterns to conserve water when we flush. However, my flat is modern and functional, and the toilet cistern is so streamlined that there is barely room for a brick!

"Fortunately that nice Mr Goldsmith has popped a timely little package through my front door which fits snugly alongside the ballcock. This way, I manage to save water and take an interest in politics at the same time."

NEW LABOUR HEROES No. 94
LORD HOLLICK

WHILE "new" Labour promises to cut the dole queues, socialist peer Lord Hollick, chief executive of United News & Media ("new" salary: £4.3m), keeps doing his best to lengthen them.

Despite his attempt to rustle up a round-robin letter from business leaders attacking the Tories' record and promoting Labour, his own record — at Anglia Television, at the *Express* and at various local papers — resembles that of an old fashioned flog 'em and sack 'em Tory.

At Anglia his henchmen have fired more than a third of the entire staff, turning the company into little more than a branch office of Hollick's other TV station, Southampton-based Meridian.

The latest victim of his job-destruction policy is finance director Brian Bolt, evicted last week a month after the sacking of Steve West, director of programme planning. Their departures mean Anglia's board now includes just two people who actually work at the company — md Graham Creelman and Debbie "Beverly" Hills, director of facilities. So much for the Independent Television Commission's promise that merged ITV companies would retain separate executives and boards. Bets are now being placed on when la Hills will join the exodus.

Creelman, however, goes from strength to strength. Having run through two wives and several children he is now living with a gorgeous pouting independent producer from whom he recently commissioned a pisspoor Anglia series about nurses. He also fancies himself as a pugilist: after a good lunch a few months ago, he launched himself at his widely-loathed deputy, Malcolm Allsop, knocking him to the floor of the current affairs office.

When not engaging in fisticuffs, Creelman and Allsop occupy themselves by carrying out yet more purges for their caring, Labour-supporting master. Last month they sacked Carol Vince, the long-serving head of Anglia's music library, telling her the library would be run on a "self-select" basis. This has surprised Anglia producers, most of whom think an air on a G string is something unpleasant left in the studio by Vanessa Feltz. The destructive duo have also closed Anglia's reference library, telling hacks to rely on cuttings from the *Express* library in London — which isn't overflowing with East Anglian info and has, in a purge of its own, chucked out its cuttings.

Meanwhile, alarmed by the *Eye*'s revelations about sacked *Vanessa* director Martin Lord — who tried to film men's bums by installing a hidden camera in the gents' lavatory — the ITC is pursuing inquiries into the swelling tide of Fenland filth and foolery emanating from Hollick's Anglia.

In London, the climate at the *Express* is no less chilly. Editor Richard "Monk" Addis recently felt free to fire respected feature writer Alice Freeman and pay her redundancy based on the three-day week she has been doing since the birth of her baby — not on her six years of distinguished continuous service with the paper. And while Addis slashes expenses, there is belt-tightening elsewhere in the newspaper empire, too. Some hacks on the *Dewsbury Reporter* and *Harrogate Advertiser* earn less than £3.50 an hour — no doubt explaining why Hollick backs Labour's call for a minimum-as-possible minimum wage.

Hollick's precarious stance has not gone unnoticed at the Labour party, however. When the election campaign began, a special desk was set aside at the Millbank HQ for exclusive occupancy by three or four of "Mandy's millionaires" — the very rich converts to the Labour cause, like Hollick, who were considered so vital to a Blair victory.

The millionaires were told they didn't have to do anything — merely "reflect" on how the campaign was going. The desk therefore became known as the "reflecting desk". It was usually sparsely attended, though occasionally Hollick sat in for a few minutes' serious reflection. After he had gone one day, an old Labour spy wrote down "two policy matters for suitable reflection" and left them on the desk. They were: **1 FAT CATS.** Does anyone deserve the £4.3m recently paid to Lord Hollick? **2 MEDIA.** Why does Lord Hollick's paper, the *Daily Express*, support the Tory party?

'Backbiter'

JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE LAST ACT!
WITH HANDS TIED BY EUROSCEPTICS ...WEIGHTED DOWN BY THE NHS AND PENSIONS ...IN 30° OF POOL WATER...
THE GREAT HOUDINI WILL NOW ESCAPE!
...ER THE GREAT HOUDINI WILL NOW ...ER...
TORY PARTY
NHS
PENSIONS

ITV

ITC report on ITV

BBC election coverage

FOR the proud traditions of British television, April really has been the cruellest month. The Independent Television Commission (ITC) report on the programme performance of ITV companies during 1996 confirmed a further plunge downmarket.

The period under review ran out before the screening of Carlton's calamitous debate on the monarchy, which means that the 1997 ITC report is likely to be printed between asbestos covers. Simultaneously, the **BBC's general election coverage** — typically exhaustive, expensive and authoritative — has been playing to rapidly diminishing audiences.

The Nine O'Clock News has seen almost a 50 percent fall in its audience, leading some BBC executives to feel that Peter Snow's nightly swingometer segment should now include running updates on viewer defections: "And there goes another 4 percent swing to the cop show on ITV. If we just look at that on our computer simulation of the nation's living rooms, you can see dozens and dozens of those little figures going over to the other side!"

It's a depressing double-whammy. ITV companies increasingly retreat from this serious programming in order to retain viewers and advertising revenue. The BBC remains courageously on the high ground but with the consequence of merely providing more viewers for ITV's bilge. How is the line of British public service television to be held in these circumstances?

Let's take ITV first. When the British commercial companies are involved in coproductions with American broadcasters, the limey executives always used to face the difficult lunch at which they explained why an eye had to be kept on the quality of the product because of the "regulators". The yanks would point out that the programme was intended for commercial television. Well, yes, it would be explained, but, in Britain, commercial television was not judged merely by the market but by the marking of a panel of grandees called the IBA or ITC. These chaps ensured that ITV remained only a little downmarket of the BBC and that serious drama and documentary, arts, children's and religious programmes were represented in the schedules.

This curious system was never easy to justify. The right-wing argument — that if people were free to buy a range of newspapers, they should be free to watch the visual equivalents of the *Sun* and the *Star* — can only be answered by a frankly elitist defence of imposing high cultural standards from the top.

But, when the Thatcher government came to reorganise ITV by selling franchises to the highest bidder, it faced a problem. By economic instinct, Thatcher would have opened up the ITV companies entirely to the market. Her advisers pointed out, however, that this would inevitably increase the levels of sex and violence on the third channel: another hot-button for her core supporters. Accordingly, Thatch left in place a regulatory body — the ITC — which would ensure that the ITV networks, though turned into whores, would have the occasional health-check from the brothel madame.

The ITC, though, has never quite understood its now largely cosmetic role. The 1996 report blathers on about the sharp reduction in levels of serious drama and documentary, the marginalising of arts programming (Melvyn at nearly midnight!) and the pursuit of soap opera and infantile dramas. All of these observations are true — and sad — but the ITC might as well have put out a report lamenting that deference towards the royal family has decreased. The cultural climate has now changed totally. The ITC wants a half-America in commercial television, but Thatcher set up America. ITV is there these days to make money, not friends. The ITC threatens fines and tickings off if the situation remains the same, but this is empty talk given the reality of the ITV companies' increasing commercial competition. Indeed, the ITC's next task is likely to be sorting out the zero-ratings crisis at Channel 5.

It's a further difficulty for the ITC that the massive turn-off from the BBC's election programmes rather knocks the regulators' favourite line: that the public will watch serious and superior material if it is offered to them. The optimistic reaction to the ratings for the BBC election programmes would be that the shows have simply been a victim of the well-documented anti-political feeling in western electorates.

Well, perhaps. But the phenomenon of anti-politics is part of a wider mood of anti-seriousness, anti-complexity. The BBC election programming looks alien to viewers because it studiously ignores the shift which has happened in television in recent years towards fast, rude, simple narrative. Unless it was somehow able to package democracy as a smutty game show with two teams each captained by an alternative comedian, the BBC might as well forget it. Public service television? They think it's all over... well, finish the sentence for yourself.

'Square Eyes'

I-BSkyB

Sky's viewing figures are up 100 per cent on last year. And, most importantly, Super 12 excites those who are NEW to rugby union.

"Roche on Rugby"
Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: F.H.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

IT'S grim up north — or not, according to Yorkshire Tyne Tees TV boss Bruce Gyngell.

Gyngell has pulled YTTV's award-winning documentary team out of a proposed film about the Cleveland child abuse inquiry because he apparently felt the programme would be too upsetting.

The move has left the documentary unit wondering what it *is* allowed to make films about, as Gyngell has ruled out other upsetting subjects such as politics, sex, miscarriages of justice or anything overly depressing.

Watch out for a return of skateboarding ducks.

THERE are mutinous rumblings among the ranks of BBC technicians scheduled to visit Hong Kong for the handover to the Chinese. They have learned that they will be billeted in the YMCA — which, though it has a splendid view of the harbour, is notorious for its Spartan conditions.

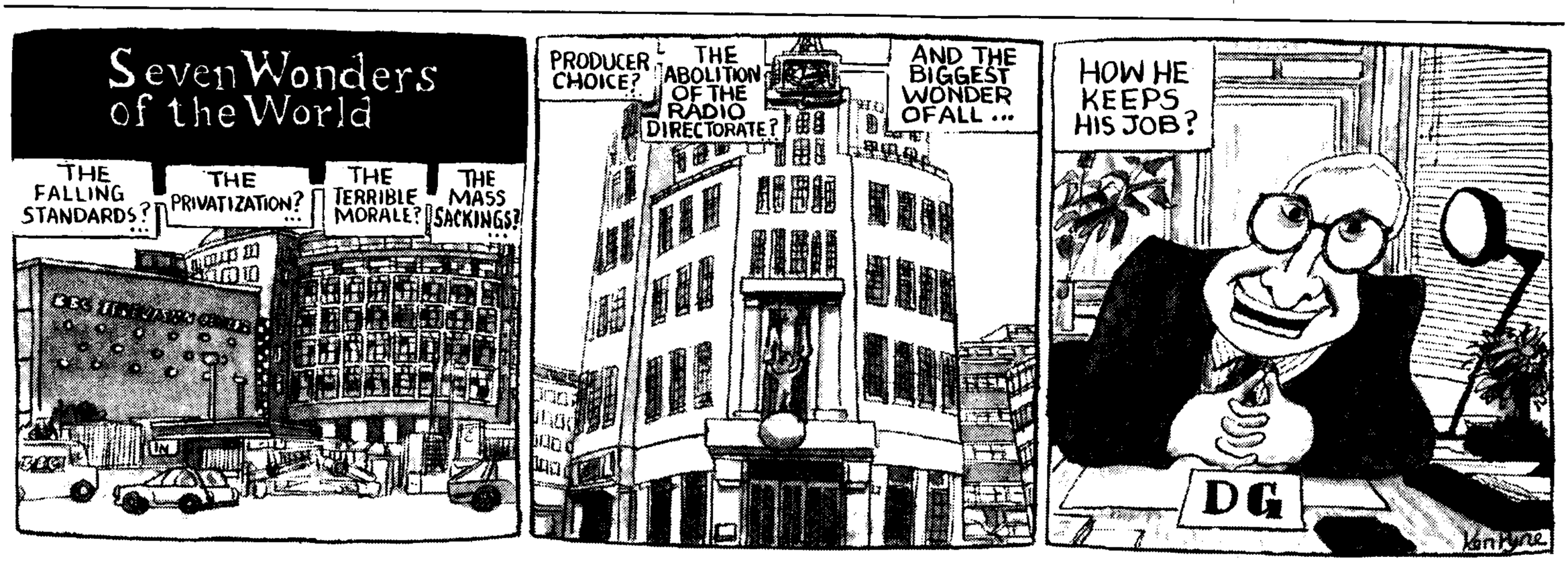
Meanwhile John Birt and his ludicrous acolyte Tony "Head Prefect" Hall, having booked themselves first-class air tickets to the colony, have reserved the entire top-floor suite complex at the Excelsior Hotel to ensure their continued comfort.

When the technicians sent Hall a protest petition, he commented dismissively that "they will be there to work, not to take a holiday". It remains to be seen how much "work" Messrs Birt and Hall will manage in Hong Kong, since they already have a taxing schedule of countless end-of-empire cocktail parties to attend.

JUSTIN WEBB, the intensely ambitious BBC breakfast TV presenter, needs to do a bit more homework if he is to achieve his ambition of becoming the new Paxman.

During an early-morning debate on education two weeks ago, Webb interviewed David Blunkett, who was speaking "down the line" from Labour's election HQ at Millbank. "Good morning, Mr Blunkett," he announced. "Can you see us and hear us?"

Labour's education spokesman — whose blindness is known to even the most junior trainee reporter — was momentarily lost for words. "Er, I can hear you," he replied eventually.



BIRTSPEAK

THE BBC board of governors has postponed the deadline for the move to privatise BBC Resources until it has "considered further the details of implementation". Meanwhile Resources managers continue their search to find the best sales people in the business to help boost external business when the big day finally comes.

This means more sophisticated training: "Resources North, who are no stranger to business games, have been rolling coloured balls down drainpipes in an attempt to improve the way they sell facilities. In a new, and specifically designed game from Countdown UK, the North team have been using a *mixture* of downspouts, gutters and *drainpipes* to construct a sales process. When the balls ended up in a bucket-marked 'satisfied customer and within budget' there was celebration all round. If the balls found their way into the wrong pipes then it was a lost sale. 'It was real learning!' says Graham Ritchie, the North's Sales Executive."

NEWS that the cash-strapped BBC World Service monitoring centre at Caversham is squandering £50,000 to send staff on an interpersonal skills course has not embarrassed the management one jot.

In the past five years the bosses have themselves gone on plenty of courses — at five star hotels in Sonning; luxury hotels in south Oxfordshire; some even went for "advanced" training in Florida, Boston and California. When news of the latest £50,000 jaunt broke, the middle manager who organised it was... abroad on a week-long course in California.

Staff targeted for the £50,000 Edinburgh-based course have been told they must choose a result they want from their four days. Results offered are: "Understanding so I Share & Listen"; "Cooperation so I Connect & Envision"; "Deal so I Demand & Exchange"; or "Solution so I Propose & Reason".

Monitoring staff, 60 of whom have been sacked in the last six months to save money, are deeply disillusioned.

HOSTILITIES have broken out between the BBC's bearded legal affairs wallah, Joshua Rosenberg, and home affairs correspondent Graham McLagan.

This is the result of a recent book by the *Observer*'s Melanie Phillips, *All Must Have Prizes*, an attack on modern educational standards which included a libel on McLagan's wife, Patricia, an adviser for the government-funded "Centre for Information on Language Teachers".

The problem is that Melanie Phillips is also Mrs Rosenberg. Mrs McLagan threatened to sue Mrs Rosenberg, and duly won a promise to remove the offending passage from the paperback edition, published last week. Despite sharing the same newsroom, Messrs Rosenberg and McLagan are now apparently on "no speaks".

REUTERS staff, having read in the *Daily Torygraph* about Reuters bosses awarding themselves huge bonuses, held a whipround in the newsroom and chucked offerings into a cardboard box marked "staff whipround for starving top executives".

The collection? A heap of old pennies, some IOUs, a stick of chewing gum, an old banana and a used lottery ticket.

HACKWATCH

JONATHAN CAINER

AS THE voice of robust commonsense, the *Daily Mail* has always set its face against weird cults and crackpot creeds — apart from the Conservative party, of course.

Older readers will recall its marathon libel battle with the Moonies; more recently, it described the Heaven's Gate disciples who committed mass suicide in San Diego as "freaks". Their "bizarre gospel" — that salvation could be found in the Hale-Bopp comet — was proof of an unhealthy "obsession with the stars which was a throwback to thousands of years ago".

Now, rather embarrassingly, the paper's resident astrologer Jonathan Cainer seems to be turning decidedly bizarre himself, and is broadcasting the fact to millions of readers through the short introductory paragraph at the top of his daily horoscope. Here is the story so far:

14 April: No sign of Jonathan Cainer. "Today's predictions have been written by Peter Watson," the *Mail* explains, "an accomplished astrologer who, for many years, was a close associate of the late Patric Walker. Peter is sitting in this week for Jonathan Cainer, who is in the Far East researching the full meaning and significance of Comet Hale-Bopp... He will return to this page next week."

15 April: Cainer returns in spirit, if not in person. "I'm in the Far East at present, researching the meaning of Hale-Bopp," he writes. "To do that, I need to consult the distant guardian of an ancient prophecy."

16 April: "If you are reading this, I must still be in the Far East, researching the meaning of Comet Hale-Bopp. My plan is to submit a regular update on my journey, to be inserted in this space at the last minute..."

17 April: Below Cainer's picture, a disturbing announcement: "Jonathan Cainer is in the Far East researching the meaning and significance of the Comet Hale-Bopp. He prepared the forecasts below before he went but, because he was planning to submit a daily report on his travels, he did not supply us with any words to print in this space. We have now received a brief message via a third party, assuring us that, though he is safe and well, he is unable to get to a telephone. He has asked us to pass on his apologies. He hopes to be able to make contact in person for tomorrow's edition."

18 April: Contact is established. "You will be amused to learn that I am back in Britain," Cainer writes. "I suspect it may take a little while to get over the jetlag but, though my body keeps trying to go to sleep, my mind is racing... I now know a great deal more about Comet Hale-Bopp or 'the new star' as my friends in Asia call it. It undoubtedly signifies imminent worldwide change on an impressive scale. Watch this space for more news next week."

21 April: "Some people are excited about the millennium, while others expect the 21st century to be little different from this one. Those who hold the latter view are in for a shock. My research in the Far East has confirmed that the Comet Hale-Bopp is a herald of global change that we would do well to heed. I'll explain why over the next few days..."

22 April: No mention of Hale-Bopp. Instead, Cainer ponders the Indian concept of *yuga* (age). "One of the reasons for my recent trip to Asia was to consult a wise man in this tradition. I wanted to find out how closely it ties in with what I know about the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, and how this in turn links up with the end of the Mayan calendar. I can now inform you that these three distinctly different ancient prophecies agree with each other to an amazing extent. I'll explain more tomorrow."

23 April: Perhaps sensing that readers may be getting impatient, Cainer pleads for time: "Once I get over my current exhaustion, I will tell the tale of my travels in full. For now, the key point is that I have seen proof that Comet Hale-Bopp is a truly global herald — with as many positive implications for the future of the East as it has for the West."

24 April: "I am tempted to say that I returned from my travels wiser by just one word. I ought to explain that I exchanged many words with many people and had many fascinating beliefs fully explained to me. My question was: 'Is Comet Hale-Bopp a rare heavenly omen or is it THE heavenly sign, the star that prophets of various different cultures have long promised we will one day see?' The short answer seems to be: 'It is not that star, but a herald of that star.' Comet Hale-Bopp's message to the world can be summed up in one word. Awakening." He's obviously got over his jet-lag, then.

25 April: Maddeningly, Cainer goes all enigmatic again. "I have to look beyond Britain and try to keep my prejudices and preferences in perspective," he reports, forgetting that contributors to the *Daily Mail* are meant to do no such thing. "This is the process in which I am now engaged. Soon I shall start to tell you precisely what I can see." Soon... in a few days... once I get over my current exhaustion... tomorrow... next week. How long, oh Lord, how long?

28 April: Still no news from the distant guardian of an ancient prophecy. Instead, Cainer gives his verdict on the general election campaign: "It's like standing on a ship which is rapidly heading towards an enormous iceberg watching the crew hold a heated debate about where to put the deckchairs." To confuse things further, he adds: "I'm not implying the future is bleak." Eh? Perhaps Cainer hopes to escape the collision with an iceberg by applying for political asylum on the spaceship behind the Hale-Bopp comet.

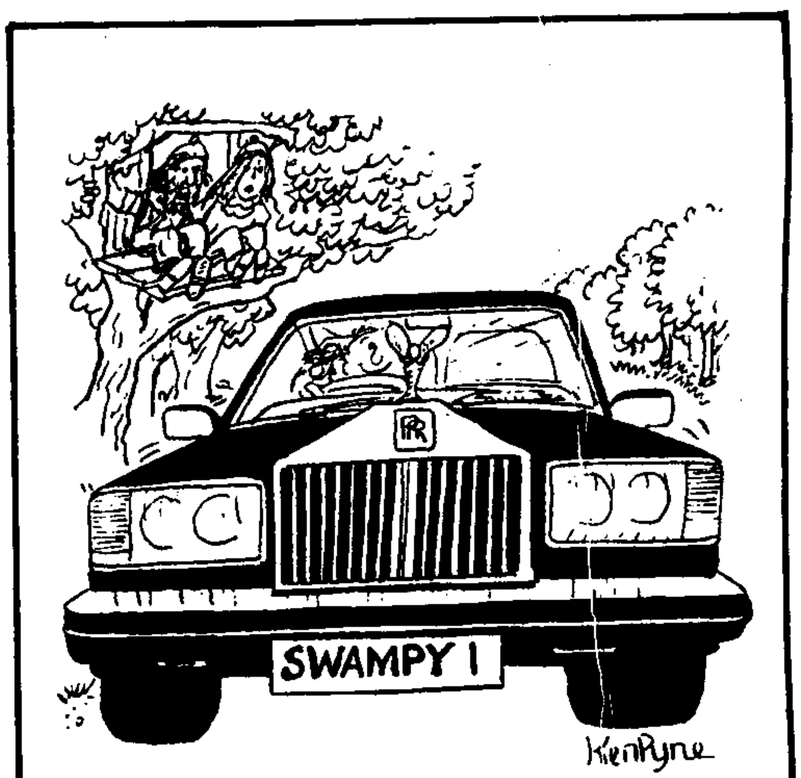
LUVVIES

Winslet found the "death" scene particularly taxing. "It's all very well to lie there with your eyes closed and white make-up all over your face, but to make it believable you have to believe you are dying. It was like hallucinating. I went into a place in my soul I never knew existed. I went inside a black box that I couldn't get out of, and it was like my soul and my spirit had turned into some bizarre heavy substance between coal and lead. Scary."

KATE WINSLET
Sunday Times Magazine

Submitted by F.H.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for similar submissions.



"Yes, anti-road campaigning has been good to him"

DOING THE ROUNDS

THE Institute of Health Services Management director Karen Caines has been unimpressed with the manifesto health promises made by the Conservative and Labour parties.

Tory plans to raise extra money through the dismal private finance initiative were "highly optimistic", she said. And Labour's pledge to save £100m by cutting bureaucracy "does not come from the real world of the NHS".

The IHSM only had praise for the Liberal Democrats' extra tobacco levy. If everyone can be encouraged to smoke 60 cigarettes a day, there will be lots of extra funding for the NHS and we'll all be much healthier. Nice one, Paddy.

● ISSUE 153 of *Newsflash*, in-house info sheet of **Brighton Health Care NHS Trust** (Motto: "Putting patient's interests first"), contains interesting guidance on what to do if a member of the public, rather than a patient, collapses while on hospital premises.

"Staff are reminded that they should dial 9999 (to summon an external emergency ambulance) and not 4444 (to summon the hospital's own Crash Team). This issue has been the subject of considerable discussion amongst senior clinical staff. The general consensus is because the crash team does not carry portable equipment or have immediately to hand facilities to move unconscious people safely, it is safer for the patient to summon an emergency ambulance."

Any lingering doubts about the competence of the in-hospital emergency team are quickly dispelled. "In addition, the crash team and other members of our medical and nursing staff are not trained to administer the kind of first aid that victims of heart attacks, cardiac arrests and other forms of collapse need."

Er, so what on earth *are* they trained to do? And is there any point in having a crash team that *can't* handle a heart attack? In MD's limited experience of people collapsing in hospital, it's near impossible to establish quickly whether an unconscious person is a patient or a visitor. And surely anyone who collapses in a hospital is automatically a patient anyway? If you'd like answers to these conundrums or have any news for *Newsflash*, you can fax Elizabeth Bell in the press office on 664547.

● **NEWCASTLE's Royal Victoria Infirmary** has published a trust board bulletin that lets slip an interesting nugget: "The board recognises that training for staff in managing cost reduction programmes could be helpful and supportive." So the RVI board really does intend to pay for managers to go on courses to learn how to make cuts. All inquiries to communication assistant Anne Clark (ext. 24088) or trust chairman Mrs Anne Galbraith (Conservative).

● Averil Dongworth is taking over as acting chief executive at **City and Hackney Community Health Trust** (£1.8m under). Ms Dongworth came to fame for authorising a "listening in" service on consultant John Spencer's private calls after he criticised her macho management style (*Eyes passim*). Averil was rumbled and resigned as chief executive of **Luton and Dunstable trust** in November 1994, but instead of being disgraced has since found gainful employment in a number of health posts, culminating in her resurrection in east London.

● AFTER 30 years of pondering, managers at **London's King's Hospital** decided a new accident and emergency department was needed, presumably to take the pain out of waiting for hours on a trolley. More than £3.5m was spent on building the structure and £750,000 on fitting it, making it the most modern and spacious in the UK. Alas, the management failed to spot that a threefold increase in floor area and the division of the department into four working areas requires more staff. Alas, they could only afford to open half the department, forcing all patients, including small children, to be treated in the same area under conditions only marginally better than before.

● NOT content with a six-figure salary, **United Leeds Teaching Hospitals Trust** chief executive Stuart Ingham has had a bonus of £12,000. No doubt it is justified by his management skills — such as the decision to cut the wages of **Leeds General Infirmary** security staff by up to £60 a week, which has embroiled the hospital in industrial action. Or perhaps it is because of his skilful handling of the LGI's £7m deficit.

● THERE is no limit to the compassion of modern health authority executives for a colleague fallen on bad times. Bruce Joyce retired as chief executive of **Greenwich Health Care Trust, South London**, shortly after an appalling fiasco over a body scanner. Nearly £300,000 was raised by local charities to buy the scanner for the **Brook hospital**, but when the scanner came in May 1993 it didn't work and had to be flogged off for scrap. After a stinging district auditor's report which blamed "weaknesses in the trust management", Mr Joyce gave up his £92,000-a-year job and retired early on a NHS pension, murmuring that he wanted to spend more time with his family. Not too much time, however. Now Mr Joyce has been taken on as a consultant on GP fundholding to **Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham Health Authority**, ten miles up the Thames.

Goldilocks turns anorexic

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

ON 11 JUNE the *Drugs and Therapeutics Bulletin* (0171-830 7571) is holding a seminar entitled "The challenge of industry sponsorship in the NHS". Presentations include "A GP clinic sponsored by Zeneca" (Dr Mike Whiteside, Director of Macclesfield Primary Care Centre); "A Hospital Pathology Service rebuilt by SmithKline Beecham" (Dr Penelope Thorpe, Consultant in Histopathology, West Middlesex University hospital NHS trust); and "A Hospital Pharmacy Department Built By Glaxo" (Michael Cross, General Manager, Clinical Diagnostic Services, King's College Hospital). In the light of these developments, MD has decided to offer his/her medical services for sponsorship. Anyone interested in funding my Wednesday afternoon irritable bowel clinic should approach through the usual channels.

M.D.

Pseuds Corner

During the day I watched the eagles circle below me. Then I took my clothes off.

I sensed the primeval blood of my female ancestors, the blood of women of all time, running through my veins. As night came I made a circle with my urine to keep out the wild animals...

LYNNE FRANKS
Daily Mail

In every direction you were hit in the face with beauty. The gorgeousness was so excessive it was like slapstick: the city poured champagne over your head again and again. It conspired to turn you into a hedonist. If the visual effects did not overwhelm you, the food would: fat greasy Chinese noodles with shreds of sweet salt-dried pork; hot fudge sundaes at Ghiradelli Square, where the ice-cream salon had a miraculous marble vat the size of an ancient bathtub in which, all day long, rollers swept a four foot wave of hot chocolate back and forth. There were entire neighbourhoods so saturated with sensuality that the alleys from which the famous vistas dropped away seemed to run with a perpetual current of desire.

NAOMI WOLF
Sunday Times

Liverpool Philharmonic Hall witnesses another World premiere on May 3 1997 when former RLPO Composer-in-Residence GRAHAM FITKIN unveils his newest piece GRAF, a musical tribute to the German tennis star Stefi Graf performed by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic orchestra.

Fitkin is one of this country's most exciting young composers, and during his time in Liverpool, he has premiered five orchestral works, all commissioned by the RLPO.

He says: "The piece refers in particular to Stefi Graf's forehand ground strokes. I analysed the tension and momentum curve occurring during preparation and follow through of a stroke, and also looked at the ratio of forehand to background strokes over a given period. Lastly, I explored the swing of power from Sanchez Vicario to Graf during the longest game of a 1995 Wimbledon Final and the dawning inevitability of the outcome."

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society
Press Release

What objects do you always carry with you?

Five kilos of my children's letters, photos, old faxes, Visa card, money in my sock, sleeping pills, ear plugs, my monkey's jersey, my father's stitches, my mother's rabbit foot, love notes, a piece of driftwood, sea shells, love tokens, antibiotics, one of my children's baby teeth.

JANE BIRKIN
Guardian

Sampati
A Petrarchan sonnet based on a character in the Ramayana

'Why
do
you
cry?'
'I
flew
too
high.
Un-
done,
all
see
me
fall.'

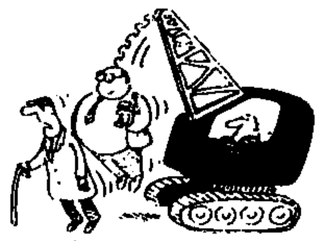
VIKRAM SETH
Granta 57

CONTRIBUTORS: Diane Massey, A.C. George, John Hobday, Amanda Rigali, Farrukh Dhondy.

£10 paid for entries

THE
Rotten Borough Advertiser

Friday, 2nd May 1997



RE-JOYCE RE-JOYCE

HACKNEY council is still having problems sorting out the mess left by social services manager Neil Niehorster, who was found to have hidden 513 invoices and bills worth £800,000 in his drawer and stuffed down his office sofa.

Social services director Joyce Moseley has tried to blame auditor Ernst & Young for not warning the council about discrepancies in the department's accounts. But it turns out that since 1994 Ernst & Young warned Hackney *no fewer than 10 times* and the department took no notice. The council has now rejected Moseley's report and asked her to try again. Meanwhile, she still has some explaining to do over the appalling Mark Trotter affair, subject of the umpteenth council inquiry.

Trotter was the social worker who was allowed to look after young people in care despite warnings from Merseyside police about his paedophile habits. He has since died of Aids, leaving the Labour-run council frantically scouring the country for former charges whom he may have buggered.

Throughout all this Moseley has been Hackney's social services director, but the council isn't going to be too rough with her. Instead she is to be seconded to the Association of Directors of Social Services quango, where she will be president for a year while the council pays her her full £80,000 salary. This means she will be absent when the results of the Trotter inquiry are published. When Moseley returns to Hackney she can be dismissed — albeit with a £150,000 golden handshake.

JUNKET OF THE WEEK

A GROUP of Glasgow councillors are considering legal action against the Labour party if they are disciplined over accusations of trading votes for trips abroad. Labour has promised a full scale investigation if it wins the election and has identified six councillors — referred to as the Glasgow Six — who will have to answer charges of junketing, factionalism and bringing the party into disrepute. The six deny wrongdoing and are weighing their options — but matters haven't been helped by news that one of them, deputy provost Alex Mosson, is flying to a three-day conference on consumer safety in Barcelona.

KEEPING QUIET ON THE PRESTON FRONT

THE fall-out from Operation Angel and the scam involving property speculators and crooked council folk in the Lancashire slum town of Preston, is still being felt — in taxpayers' pockets.

Acting deputy town clerk Shirley Harrison has managed to wring £23,000 public money out of councillors after agreeing not to take the Labour council to an industrial tribunal over claims that she was sexually harassed by former town clerk Geoff Driver, nine months after a panel of councillors cleared Driver.

Local residents would like to know the substance of Harrison's claims, noting that they had the effect of landing Driver in more trouble. Her claims came just as Labour councillors were forcing Driver out of office for spending too much time rooting out town hall corruption instead of ignoring it.

With Driver departed and Operation Angel out of the news, Harrison has now settled her case: £23,000 richer, she has been moved sideways to become head of the council's department of legal and administrative affairs.

ALL HANDS IN THE TILL

PROBLEMS are mounting for Labour-run Sheffield, which is still up to its neck in debt thanks to the disastrous 1991 world student games.

External auditors have found that on top of members of the public claiming £1.6m housing benefit to which they weren't entitled, 79 council officers have been fiddling the system inside the town hall. Fifty six staff stole £82,000 from one part of the housing benefit budget, another 17 workers lifted £26,000 from a different part of the same account, and one chap pocketed a cheque for £15,000.

The council isn't too upset. After all, it's only the public's money, so nobody has been sacked and the culprits have merely been censured. Meanwhile Sheffield College's council grant is being cut from £400,000 to £75,000 and some 720 staff who have done nothing wrong face compulsory redundancy because of "Tory cuts" — not Labour's ineffectual management, of course.

WALLPAPERING OVER THE CRACKS

IN Tony Blair's home borough of Islington, Labour councillors seem to have forgotten that their priority is "education, education, education". They would rather spend almost £600,000 setting up a wallpaper museum yards from Bambi's front door than improve the dreadful local schools.

A proposal to convert a former ILEA-owned property in Barnsbury into the museum is currently winging its way through committee. But at least it has provoked squeals of fury from Coun Phil Kelly, the education chair and the man who takes the flak when Islington finds itself at the bottom of league tables.

Last month Islington primary schools came 102nd out of 119 local education authorities (LEAs), and the boroughs's current education budget has been cut by £2m on the previous year. Mr Kelly thought the grade II listed building should be sold and the profits put back into education... But the council believes a wallpaper museum would attract 25,000 visitors a year.

A trust has been set up, with Lady Lucinda Lambton, Labour shadow heritage secretary Mark Fisher and Islington council leader Alan Clinton as trustees.

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

JAMIE RAE, a Scottish Nationalist councillor in Falkirk, has been jailed for 15 months after admitting a £133,000 housing benefit and mortgage fraud. He resigned from the SNP after being exposed for fiddling £16,000 benefit — claiming £110 a fortnight by using two names at one address. Falkirk sheriff court also heard how Rae helped friends and relatives get thousands of pounds worth of mortgages by deception, even using council-headed notepaper to fabricate references.

IN BRIEF

MURKEYSIDE: Merseyside Fire Authority (MFA) HQ has overheated since Sefton councillor Eddie Gray became liaison officer on £18,000 pa — though lacking the usual qualifications for an SO1 grade job. When union officials protested they were told the job involved telling community groups why the MFA was closing fire stations — so unpopular a task that bosses felt nobody suitably qualified would want it. MFA chairman Peter Dowd is also a Sefton councillor, as is his brother Mark who supervises Merseytravel Ltd — Gray's previous employer. While there, Gray was Unison branch secretary, and it is alleged he took an unauthorised loan from union funds last June which has not yet been paid back. Unison is investigating.

ISLINGTON: The council has written off £4m in parking fines after its computer crashed and lost details of 90,000 unpaid tickets. So much for its claim that it could make more than £1m surplus from fines to help mitigate £15m cuts in "essential" services.

WESTMINSTER: The Tories have been burning and shredding documents relating to the gerrymandering/homes-for-votes affair in case Labour wins the election and holds a public inquiry. Though the district auditor has sifted all available evidence, incriminating stuff has been sealed in one secluded room — until now.

WEST YORKS: Labour councillors who voted to scrap free bus passes for the blind (*Eye* 921) were reminded by hundreds of blind protestors that there is an election on. They suddenly U-turned and saved the passes — but for how long?

"It's a real shame to see the colliery close and it is bound to leave a hole in a community."

Nottingham Evening Post

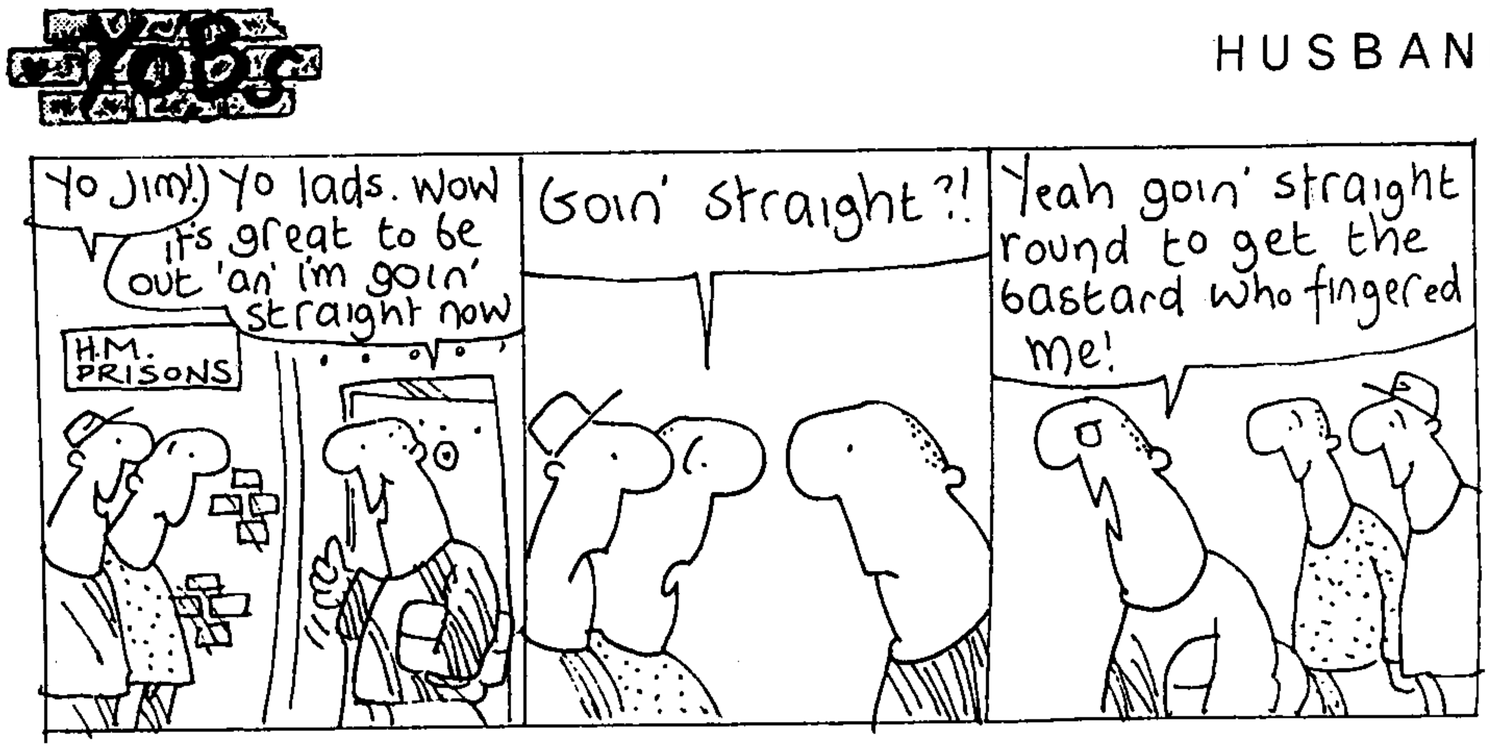
O·B·N

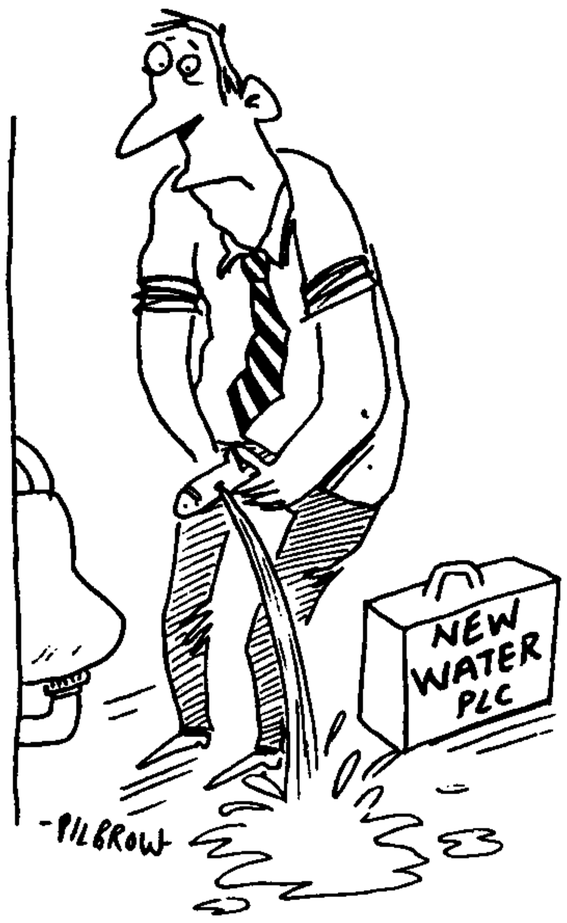
"Madonna sat on my bed — my bed! — in my dressing room! NO, I can't remember a word of what she said, I was too beside myself. I adore Madonna. If anyone living today is like Marlene Dietrich then it's Madonna, isn't it? She's so charismatic. Ah, now I remember. She wanted to see my dress. 'Show me the dress,' she said. But I couldn't because it had already gone into the safe. Madonna! In my dressing room!"

SIAN PHILLIPS
Independent

Contributor: F.H.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.


Yobs
HUSBAND
Yo Jim! Yo lads. Wow it's great to be out 'an' I'm goin' straight now
H.M. PRISONS
Goin' straight?!
Yeah goin' straight round to get the bastard who fingered me!



WATERWORLD

THE fat cats of the privatised water companies are becoming seriously obese: their profits this year are set to beat all records.

The fattest company of all is **Hyder**, the Welsh water and electricity giant, which is estimated to have increased profits by 84.2 per cent.

Other water companies who want to ape Hyder's huge success should first cut back jobs — Hyder slashed 900 last year — and then start charging customers to install water meters. Neighbouring water companies install meters for free, but Hyder squeezes £75 out of customers (for a £10 job which takes an hour).

Pensioners and others living alone can benefit by up to £150 a year by having a meter installed which doesn't make any sense to a company with massive profits in mind.

Meanwhile outraged **Yorkshire Water** customers have been calling the *Eye* to say that their chairman, Brandon Gough, was sold short in the last issue. He holds more directorships than given credit for. Apart from his new post as non-executive of De La Rue he is also a non-executive director of George Wimpey plc. The *Eye* felt the Wimpey directorship barely worth mentioning as it scoops Mr Gough a paltry £22,500 a year.

At **Anglia Water** the management has finally taken the *Eye*'s advice.

When the Water Services Association told the public they would never again suffer standpipes, rota cuts or hosepipe bans, it was obvious that drought could not be far away. So the *Eye* reminded the water companies (*Eye* 920) that we are surrounded by water and advised them to try desalination. Two weeks later the *Sunday Times* caught up and reported that Anglia Water, the worst-hit, was building a reverse osmosis plant.

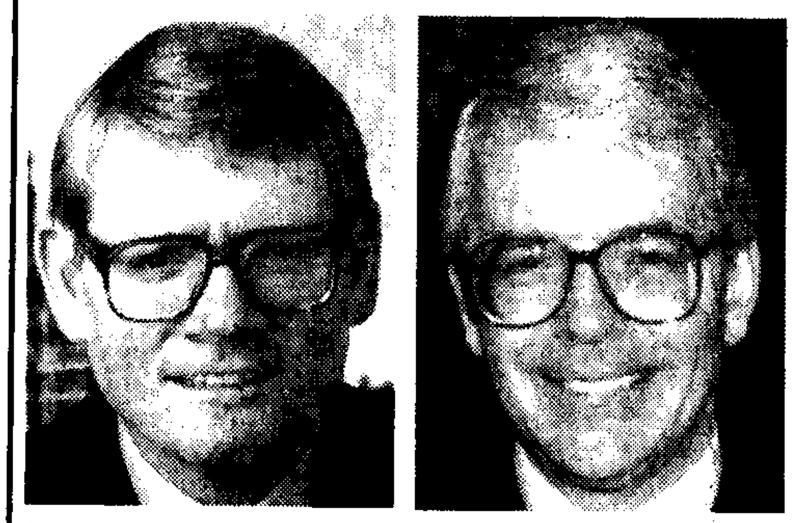
Reverse osmosis was discovered in 1858 so it has taken a mere 139 years for it to percolate through to our water industry for use in desalination. It involves placing a membrane in undrinkable water to catch the salt and crud and produce potable water. The items which would be excluded include microbes such as cryptosporidium which caused the recent outbreak of poisoning in Hertfordshire.

An Anglia spokesman told the *Eye*: "We have been heavily involved in the development of membrane technology and are planning a pilot plant to see whether it is feasible and would be economical." Which has, until now, been the reason it is not used more widely. It costs money and the water industry would prefer to pay huge bonuses to itself and its shareholders. The regulator Ian Byatt, a treasury-trained monetarist, also keeps telling it to go slow on improving water quality.

Elsewhere **Thames Water** has shown its usual sensitivity to its customers in Wooton, Oxfordshire, by giving them just a week's notice that their water supply will be severely disrupted for the next six weeks. Random four-hour shutdowns and perhaps even emergency bowsers will be needed as Thames Water tries to fix its infamously leaky pipes. Bad news for pensioners who are ill-equipped to carry buckets of water up and down the steep street.

Letters

Lookalike



Major **Clone**

Sir,

The enclosed photo of our Conservative candidate, Andrew Hunter, shows beyond doubt that the cloning experiments have gone further than sheep. OR was the sheep cloning an advancement on cloning politicians? We need to know. Perhaps someone at Conservative Central Office discovered John Major's Baah-Code?

Regards,
ROD DUGGAN,
Old Basing, Hants.

Girl meets bore

Sir,

As regular listeners to Michael Parkinson's programme on Radio 2 every Sunday, we have continued to tune-in, albeit reluctantly, whilst his place has been taken by Mr Andrew Neill, the legendary editor of THE SCOTSMAN.

However, one aspect of Mr Neill's programme has intrigued us: each week he features on his playlist the song "The Girl from Ipanema" and we are convinced that the reason he favours this song is that it reminds him of a liaison he once had with someone... tall and tanned and young and lovely..." Naturally, we are interested to discover who this song reminds him of.

We understand that you may have, in your archives, a photograph that can solve the mystery of who the lucky girl might be and, if so, we wonder if you would consider publishing it in your esteemed organ?

Yours in anticipation,
PHIL & JANE WHITEHEAD,
Fareham, Hants.

The candidate/s will need to have qualifications and/or experience in the taeching of Dyslexia, Dyscalculia (Maths) and ADHD for students in the 11-16 age range.

Grauniad

Upon my word

Sir,

Is it not time that Old Couch Potato and the rest of you southern softies in the EYE *editorial office realised that the good old northern word "Bugger" is pronounced with the "u" as in slug, rather than "oo" as in room. After nearly 60 years of living in the north, I have yet to hear the word pronounced "Booger" and I can never imagine the divine Sarah Lancashire making that mistake. If you want to hear the authentic pronunciation, get hold of one of Blaster Bates's records.*

Cheers,
ALAN HAYHURST,
Via e-mail.

Verse & verse

Sir,

Many thanks to Bookworm for exposing the pernicious activities of the International Library of Poetry. Seeing as most letters to budding Wordsworths are in the "Thanks but no thanks" vein, fleecing them by the promise of getting name in print is beneath contempt.

Sadly, Bookworm's warning has come about 12 months too late for my forty quid. After seeing the advert in several publications, I eagerly sent off my scribblings, and as a consequence I am now on page 157 of the most expensive packet of fire lighters I have bought to date.

Meanwhile, my copy of VOICES ON THE WIND *is propping up a rickety cupboard as I'm nursing considerable loss of faith with the publishing industry and a flea in my ear from the twenty-twenty vision of hindsight to boot. We live and learn. I think I might just stick to reading it aloud to my friends in future...*

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD CAMPBELL,
Guildford, Surrey.

Slanging match

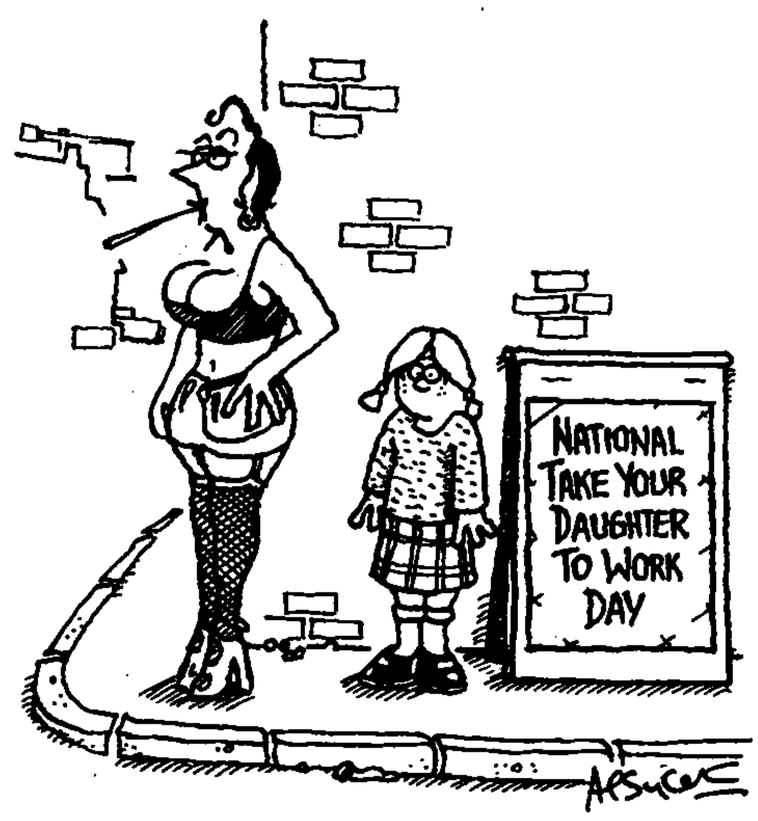
Sir,

*Les Kent (sic) (*OFF THE RECORDER*) seems to be suffering from a spot of vowel trouble. He alludes to "mindless burks who write to you about how they dispose of the Referendum videos". "Burk" (sic) should be spelt Berk because it is rhyming slang derived from "Berkshire hunt".*

Mind you, given his loony politics and his surname, this momentary dyslexia seems peculiarly fitting.

What a silly Kent!

Yours ever,
GEORGE KERSHAW
(NOT Kurshaw),
Romiley, Cheshire.



Vote of confidence

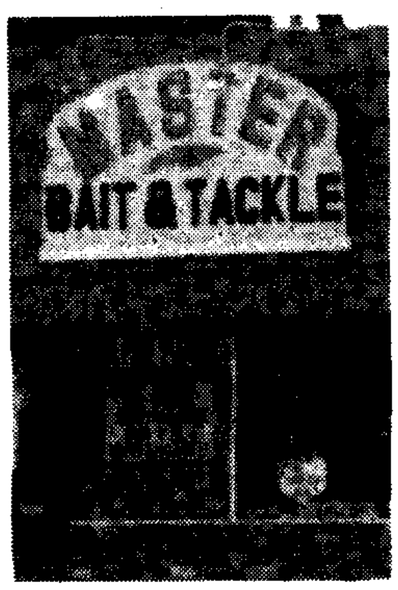
Sir,

Are you trying to talk Gerald Howarth into a seat in the Commons? In EYE *922 you describe Aldershot as a "safe Tory seat" and then make the assumption "when Howarth returns to the Commons after polling day".*

The Tories may be favourites to win but there have been substantial boundary changes since 1992 and their present unpopularity, particularly in the south of England, suggests that the contest may not necessarily be the foregone conclusion you expect.

Anyway how about a little loyalty to a long time EYE *subscriber? Why not encourage your readers in that constituency to vote for the excellent Labour candidate for Aldershot, Terry Bridgeman?*

Yours hopefully (and loyally),
TERRY BRIDGEMAN,
Labour candidate for Aldershot.



I-SPY

Florida

Submitted by G.W. Lennox. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Penile admission

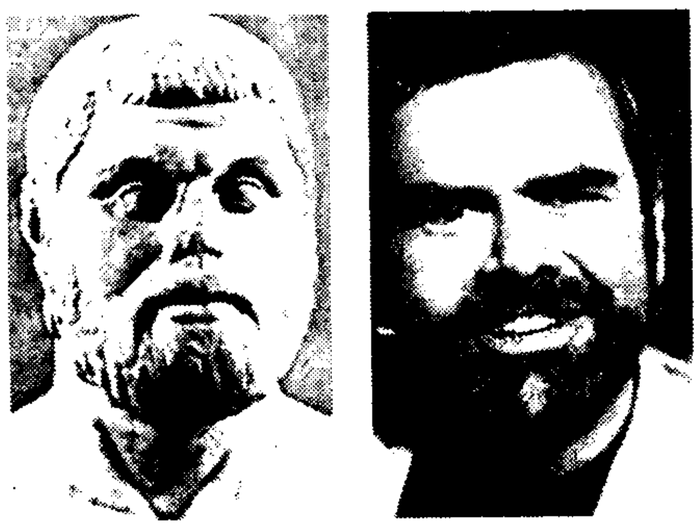
Sir,

Re: the item in Funny Old World and the letter arising therefrom regarding accidents to men when their private parts quite innocently and accidentally get sucked into vacuum cleaners.

Although this appeared in the late Willie Rushton's "Filth Amendment" around about 1980 and was regurgitated in Victor Lewis-Smith's column recently, it actually appeared in the BMJ *around 1959, when I was a spotty youth employed by a pharmaceutical company in north London. The article was read and re-read by myself and my fellow spotty youths and led to a lot of innocent remarks to senior staff as to how often they used their vacuum cleaners.*

ADRIAN BUNTING JP,
Stevenage, Herts.

Lookalike



Bushell

Themistocles

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the startling resemblance between the noble but hairy Gary Bushell, "renaissance man" and heavyweight SUN *columnist, and the equally hirsute Themistocles, Athenian politician and architect of the glorious Greek victory at Salamis in 480 BC?*

Does Mr Bushell have any Greek in him? His telly reviews owe so much to classical civilisation.

Yours faithfully,
PHILIP FREEMAN,
Pinner, Middlesex.

Test match

Sir,

To say that experiments devised by the MRC's Toxicology Unit to test Mark Purdey's hypothesis were badly designed is to put it mildly. Phosmet, the organophosphate most implicated by Purdey, was not used, even though Purdey specifically named it in his proposals to the unit. The chemical, DFP, chosen by the MRC for their test, has never been used in the farm environment and it was therefore wrong for the MAFF to claim that the MRC had tested Purdey's hypothesis when it patently had not.

Contrary to Professor Smith's statement, Purdey's theory has not changed. The professor and the agrichemical/animal health industry, realising that they cannot legitimately fault Purdey's theory, invent their own version of his hypothesis to attack. The aim of their misrepresentations and obfuscation is to maintain the agrichemical/pharmaceutical status quo — a status quo that causes considerable disease via the plethora of chemicals that are put into our environment and food. The diseases so caused provide the pharmaceutical counterparts of the agrichemicals with the ideal opportunity to develop even more new "diagnostic and therapeutic drugs".

Fresh experiments, using phosmet, were carried out at the Institute of Pyschiatry, London. The institute's Dr Whatley described preliminary results as "dramatically positive". Muckspreader is right to put the facts before us.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN GRAHAM,
Romford, Essex.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"There's Bergkamp standing on the halfway line, with his hands on his hips, flailing his arms about."
JOHN SCALES, Radio Merseyside
(Kenny Cleworth)

DJ: *So what subjects are you studying then?*
Young Caller: *...I.T., History, Art.*
DJ: *Art?! So you're aiming to be the next Stravinsky?*
Atlantic 252
(John Oldham)

"If England get a point, it will be a point gained as opposed to two points lost."
MARK LAWRENSON, BBC1
(Mark Mills)

"Disappointing news for Beethoven as his 9th Symphony drops 9 places in our Hall of Fame..."
JAMIE CRICK, Classic FM
(Jim Platt-Higgins)

"Unfortunately, we don't get a second chance. We've already played them twice."
TREVOR BROOKING, Radio 5 Live
(Mr C. Williams)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

SIGNAL FAILURES

IF Labour wins the election, rail privatisation will saddle the new government with the same kind of mess that a previous Conservative administration handed on more than 30 years ago in the form of the Beeching report and associated legislation.

In the 1960s the result was a rash of damaging route closures under Labour, before Barbara Castle introduced the concept of socially-necessary train services. History may soon repeat itself — albeit through cuts in off-peak services and other deteriorations instead of substantial line closures.

Privatisation has passed through its relatively easy first phase, during which bidders needed only to guess at future business. Now the railway's complex legal and contractual frameworks will be tested as some companies struggle to meet financial targets and others try to build empires through ruthless acquisition.

One of the chief purposes of privatisation was to allow the government to wash its hands of responsibility for rail. Legislation would be needed to return control to the government, but such a change is unlikely to be a high priority for Tony Blair. The lack of direction from a body which is *not* driven by a lust for short-term profit-making will show itself most markedly in development of the network. Railtrack is required only to keep the infrastructure in a steady state; long-term strategic projects like electrifying the main lines from London to the South-west and to Sheffield will fall by the wayside because nobody can make a fast buck from them.

RICHARD BRANSON's entry to rail operations late last year was widely welcomed because it would bring fresh ideas to the railway. Those fresh ideas, it now appears, include a small-minded selfishness which did not exist on the railway when it was a unified network. Branson's Virgin Rail has officially asked the rail regulator to prevent South Wales and West Railway from starting a new service between Manchester and Penzance in June. The planned new service runs entirely on routes currently used for SWWR services, and would give direct access to the South-west for the first time from Shrewsbury, Hereford and a number of other settlements. Virgin, which does not run to Shrewsbury or Hereford, contests that the train will compete with its Manchester to Plymouth services — and competition, of course, is not generally allowed on the privatised railway.

This is corporate bullying at its worst. Virgin Rail operates over a huge part of Britain's rail network and has massive scope for increasing revenue, while SWWR has a small and largely rural territory. SWWR has difficult financial targets to meet and Manchester to Penzance is probably its best hope for generating new business.

Virgin's complaint is also hypocritical. When rail privatisation was being devised, Virgin wanted to run a cherry-picking express service on the London to Edinburgh route which would have affected the established services far more directly than SWWR's plans could affect Virgin now.

'Dr B. Ching'

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"I am shocked to hear that you reject conventional and delicious relish in preference for body fluids," Court Presiding Justice Samuel Kakonkanya told Blackson Mhewe during divorce proceedings in Ndola main local court. "But hear this, you naughty, slippy man. Turning your wife's private parts into relish is the work of dark forces. I wonder whether you did it for love or for witchcraft."

Justice Kakonkanya was summing up during divorce proceedings brought by Mhewe's estranged wife Christine Mulenga. "You have admitted to the court that you prefer your wife's private parts to standard relish at meal times, and you seem unashamed of your craze for this unsavoury cuisine. Three times a day,

she had to sit on the table with her legs apart while you used her like a cruet to satisfy your craving. But that is not all. Because you have turned into a lover of erotic tastes, your poor wife has sustained severe burns on her private parts, caused by you constantly dabbing her with hot nshima and sago during dinner. We have seen pictures of the blisters which she sprouted because of your tastes, and which were only cured by doctor Chishimba Mwanampaka of Luanshya. The divorce is granted. You are also fined three cows." *(The Times (Zaire) 10/3/97. Spotter: Dr M. Bush)*

—o—

"We are uncovering about four cases a month of baby orangutans being abducted by childless couples in Malaysia," Edwin Bosi of the Sepilok Orangutan Rehabilitation Centre in Eastern Sabah state told reporters.

"Usually, they shave the orangutan's body hair off to make it look more human, and dress it in a T-shirt and nappies. Neighbours seldom notice anything wrong.

"The problems usually begin when the orangutan grows older. When they turn three, they start to bite and get boisterous, and become too much for humans to cope with. Sometimes they're returned in to us, like Ramadhan here. When he was handed in, he cried for many days, and refused to eat. But that's better than some couples who, out of irritation, abuse them or hack them to death.

"Ironically, while dozens of lonely childless couples are turning to ape children in desperation, there are hundreds of human babies being abandoned every year. No one seems to want them." *(The Nation [Thailand], 19/3/97. Spotter: Terry Warburton)*

—o—

"Since boyhood, it's been my ambition to fly," Larry Waters told viewers of a Los Angeles cable tv station, "but poor eyesight disqualified me from flying when I was in the Air Force. But after I was discharged, I had a bright idea and thought of how to realise my dream.

"I went to the local Army-Navy surplus store and bought 45 weather balloons and five tanks of helium. In my back yard, I strapped the balloons to my lawn chair, and tied the chair to my jeep. Then I inflated the balloons and climbed into the chair for a test. It hovered just a few feet off the ground, and everything seemed fine, so I went inside, took some sandwiches and a six-pack of Miller Lite, and loaded my pellet gun. I figured I'd float up fifty feet or so, look around for an hour, and then, when I'd had enough, pop a few balloons and come gently back to earth. It didn't work out quite that way. When I cut the cord anchoring the chair to the jeep, the chair shot straight up and breakneck speed, and levelled out at 11,000 feet. It was cold, and I didn't dare shoot the balloons, in case that unbalanced me. I was scared, I admit it. Then, after fourteen hours, things got worse, because apparently I drifted into the primary approach corridor of Los Angeles International Airport, and showed up on their radar. Eventually, the emergency services sent up a helicopter to investigate, lowered me a rescue line, and hauled me up. The chair shot up the moment I was hauled out, and I never saw it again.

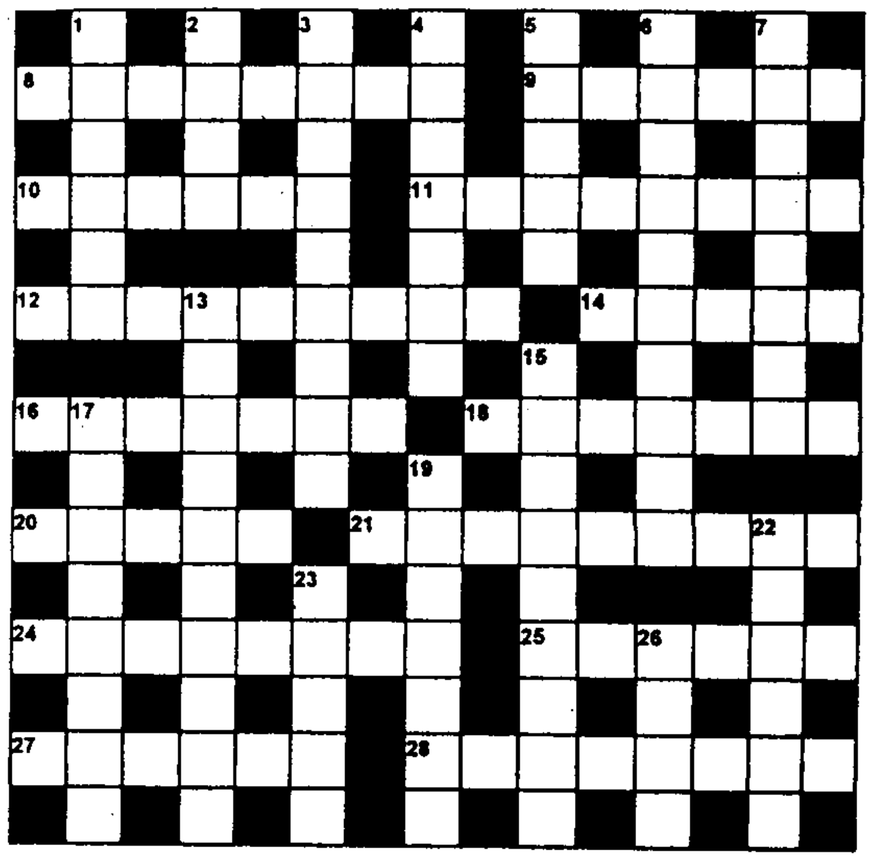
"Then, would you believe it, the moment I got back to earth, the LAPD handcuffed me and charged me with violating LAX airspace. Why did I do it, they asked. Well, it's a hobby isn't it?" (Internet [Darwin Awards]. Spotter: D. Krassner)

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 78

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

8 Boozer Clinton's second point to Senate, perhaps (8)
9 Nutty newspaper editor loses battle for picture (3,3)
10 Blair-like S and M host? (6)
11 Moralising hack augments *Spectator* circulation with a good deal of pussy (4-4)
12/18 Presidential oath cut (9,7)
14 Smuggle grass (5)
16 Arab storekeeper paying heavily for a title? (2-5)
18 (see 12)
20 Mad cow disease caught by trendy playwright! (5)
21 Beeb chief: sort of Hitler or dickhead? (4,5)
24 Communist upheaval taken as evidence of universal expansion? (3,5)
25 Shags politician Bill after dropping date (6)
27 Standards: key Conservative in terrible shit (6)
28 *Star*'s going to hell — no point getting protection from burning! (8)

DOWN

1 The coming of awful Max Clifford, not loud and not cross (6)
2 *Take That* off Maggie — mutton scantily dressed as lamb? (4)
3 Nationalistic leader produced by tabloid getting frantically nasty about European head (3,3-3)
4 You should see our old leader fixing an electrical unit to rocket (5,2)
5 An unlikely 'Gazza' loses his head but sees the light! (5)
6 The first to have sex, supposedly, one with a horse, one with a cricketer, would need direction (4,3,3)
7 Swearing it's tongue? (8)
13/19 Post-election Major likely to face this control on competition? (10,7)
15 Really pissed off Kurd — no getting in following cold (4,5)
17 The words of politician getting backing of leaderless arsehole (8)
19 (see 13)
22 Terrorists protected by nutty Ted's outburst (6)
23 Pissed spy off after sex brought up (5)
26 Source of the government's intelligence, somewhat reduced! (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 9.5.97. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 77

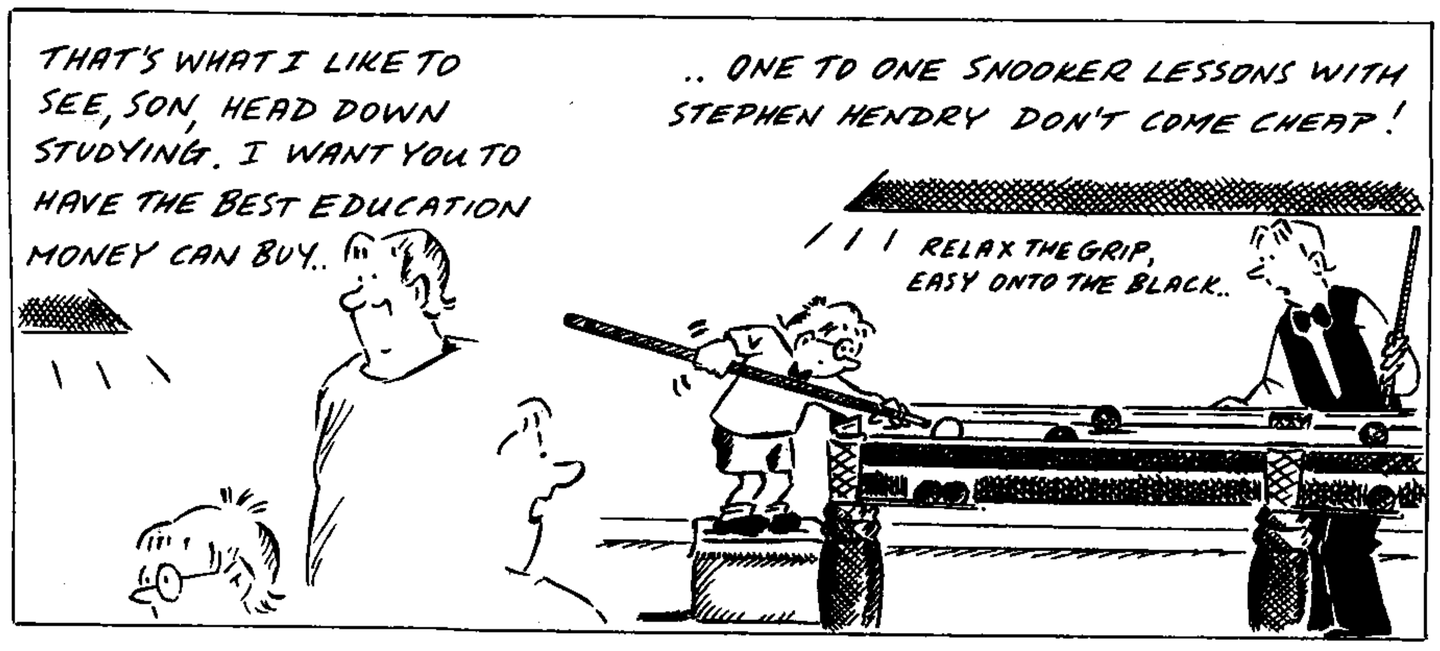
Winner: LINDA DORRAS

ACROSS: 7 Mirror 8 Hooligan 10 Slapper 11 Semtex 12 (see 23) 13 Have it off 16 Windbag 18/20 Mission statement 20 (see 18) 21 Filth 24 Urinal 26 Wrangle 27 Hate mail 28 Isaacs.

DOWN: 1 Piss Artist 2 Triads 3 Grope 4 Shergar 5 Bolshevik 6 Cane 9 Inmates 14 Front bench 15 Macmillan 17 Detente 19 Know-all 22 Ingham 23/12 David Frost 25 Rear.

The Lottery Winners

TURNER


THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE, SON, HEAD DOWN STUDYING. I WANT YOU TO HAVE THE BEST EDUCATION MONEY CAN BUY..
.. ONE TO ONE SNOOKER LESSONS WITH STEPHEN HENDRY DON'T COME CHEAP!
/ / / RELAX THE GRIP, EASY ONTO THE BLACK..

'NO DROUGHT' promise water chiefs

by Our Man Standing In The Reservoir **Keith Waterhosepipeban**

SENIOR executives in the privatised water companies yesterday sought to reassure the public that there would be "no shortage of money" during the summer months.

"We have an ample sufficiency to provide all our needs," said one chairman. "We have vast reservoirs of cash ready to pump straight into our bank accounts. There is no cause for any panic by any director who thinks his money supply might be cut off."

Another chairman agreed. "The money will flow like, well, not water obviously, but like very expensive Napoleon Brandy of the type that I have had sent round to my house this morning.

"A certain amount of money", he admitted, "has been leaking into things like repairs and renovation but I can guarantee that 99% of the dosh is going directly to my accountant in Grand Cayman."

Weather Forecast:
There will be showers of money falling heavily all over the country tonight.

Hot spot:
Thames at £60 million.

Next week in the Eye

The most sensational serialisation you will ever read!

The Roy Strong Diarrhoea

(surely 'Diaries'? Ed)

Hear his shocking verdict on Britain's best-loved celebrities!

● **The Queen Mother** — A delightful lady and a credit to the nation. Though her hat didn't go with her dress. Never mind. I liked her enormously.

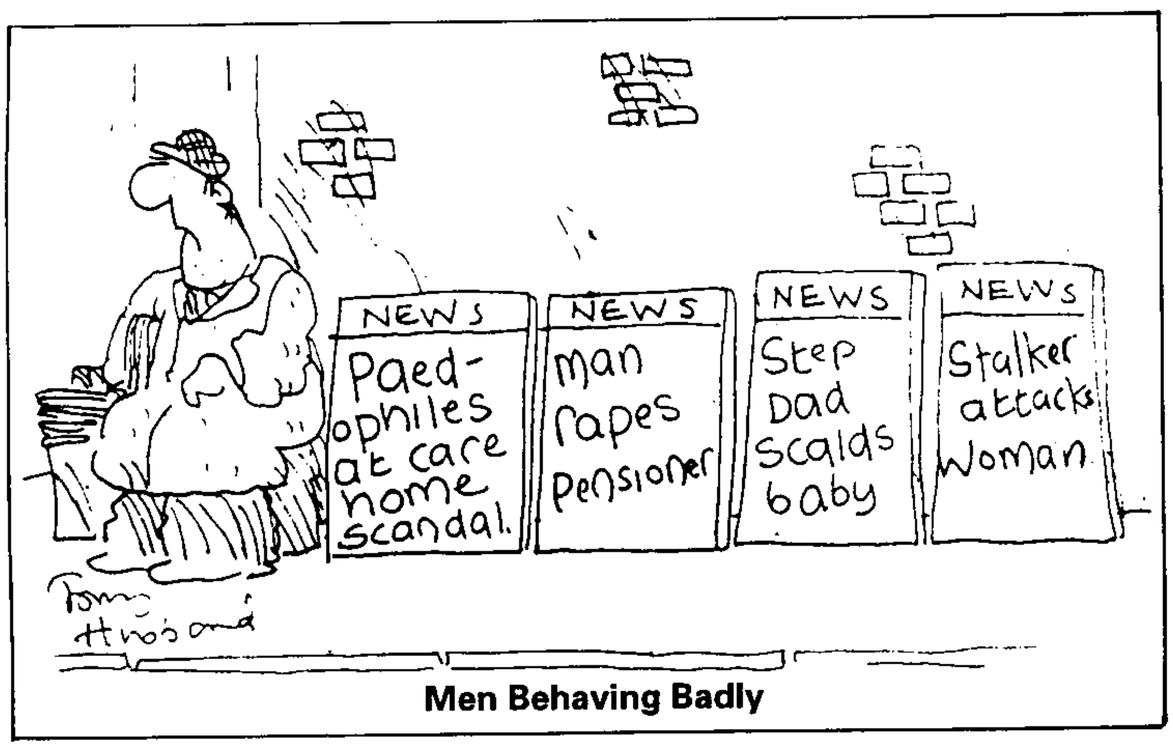
● **Diana, Princess of Wales** — What an awful voice! Considering she's an Earl's daughter, she should sound as posh as me. Really! Still, I liked her enormously.

● **Princess Margaret** — Very rude! She suggested I was a vain little twit with a silly moustache. Still, I liked her enormously.

● **Roy Strong** — What a pompous little fellow! No wonder everyone sniggered when he came into the room. And those glasses, my dear! Still, I liked him enormously.

● **Gazza** — A delight! A gentleman and a scholar. So unlike the Queen of Denmark and the Dalai Lama, whose taste in shoes — well! I liked them enormously. *(That's enough diary. Ed.)*

Only in the Daily Mail (because no one else would buy such drivel)



Men Behaving Badly

EYE PHONE POLL

Who will take over the Tory Party?

You decide

Michael Heseltine At 79 he is possibly too old for the job. But he doesn't think so.

Michael Portaloo At 29 he is possibly too young for the job. But he doesn't think so.

John Redwood As an alien, he is possibly barred from standing. But he doesn't think so.

President Mobutu Mobutu has considerable experience of dealing with corruption and with rebels in his ranks. Possibly too left-wing for the job.

Posh Spice Many Conservatives wish to see a woman back in 10 Downing Street, not to mention their bedrooms...

John Major Could he make a comeback? With only one defeat in the last two elections, many regard him as a safe pair of glasses *(surely 'hands'? Ed.)*.

Ring this number now if you have nothing better to do: 0898 765 4237. (Or send this piece, along with the others in the magazine, to The Rory Bremner Show, c/o Your Jokes 'R Us plc.)

Film Choice

Planespotting
THIS YEAR's biggest and most expensive hit occurs in the lavatory of a jet as 'Thick Boy' is spotted taking heroin whilst enjoying life in the fast plane. Consequently, the film concentrates on the downward slide of 'Thick Boy', who proceeds to spend the majority of his massive advances on recreational narcotics and bigger and heavier dictionaries. *(Showing all over London except at Independent cinemas and the Farringdon Road Roxy)*

TV Highlights

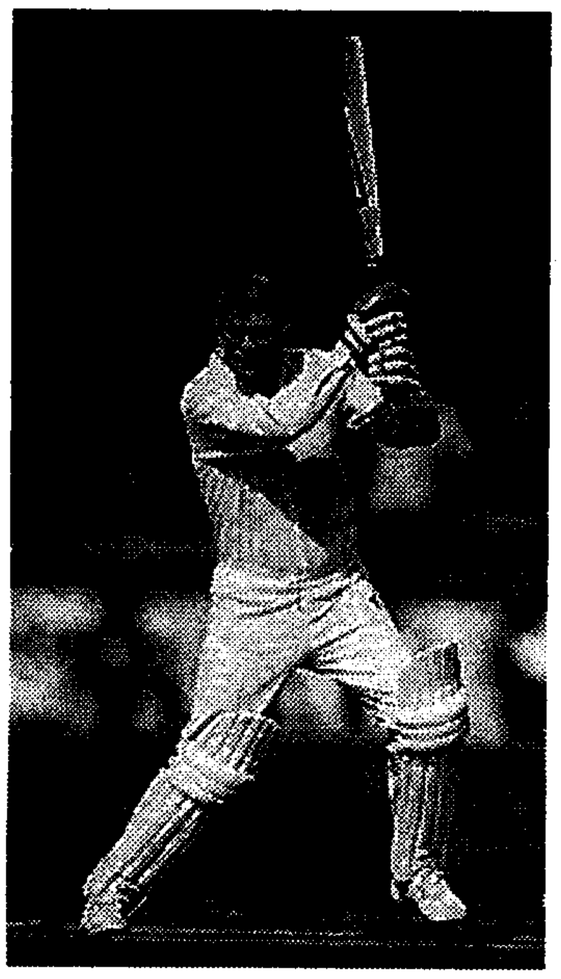
Day of the Jackboot 1997
POLITICAL thriller by Frederick Forsyth. Can "the Jackboot", aka Sir Jammy Fishpaste the crazed assassin from Mexico, eradicate John Major? When plans go wrong he seeks the help of master story-teller, Frederick FourMillionPounds, and together they stalk the country threatening Major with extinction. In an extraordinary final twist Forsyth decides to vote Conservative after all and the Jackboot's fiendish plot is thwarted.

Eye rating: Incredible tosh.

(NB. This joke will be seen on the Rory Bremner show in several weeks' time along with many others you have enjoyed in the Eye.)

SIR JAMS GOES CANVASSING

CRICKET MAN DEAD



by the late **Sir Denis Compton**

TO EVERY schoolboy who lived through the colourful eighties and nineties John Major was an extraordinary flash of dullness — a taste of grey in a world of technicolour life and gaiety.

With his trademark glasses and slicked-forward hair Major became known as the "Grecian 2000 Boy" and cut a figure of exceptional boredom on and off the field. He soon became one of the least loved personalities in the game.

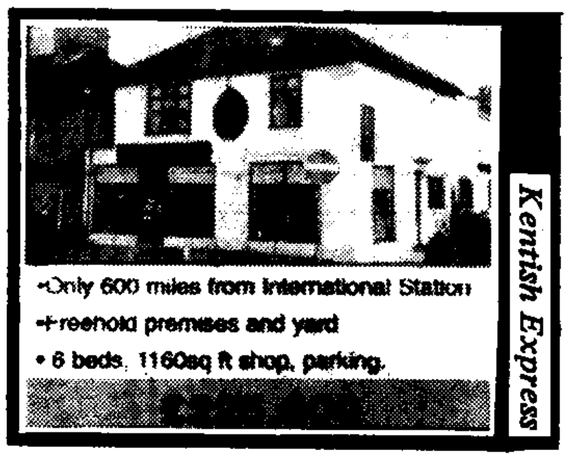
Flannel

Those who saw his innings at the dispatch box in the summer of '97 could never remember a word he said. In a number of spectacularly bad performances for England he made hundreds of speeches, effortlessly deflecting questions with a flick of his ringbinder, and sending the spectators into a frenzy of sleep.

All Out

No more will we see him despatching balls into the crowd. No more will we see him putting on his soapbox and being hit by his opponent's delivery. No more of this piece thank you very much. Ed.

J. Major, England and Huntingdon, 1991-1997



That Dudley Moore Panto in full

(Enter Dudley Moore dressed as a Bell-Boy)

Dudley: Hello boys and girls!

Audience: Who are you?

Dudley: I'm Bottles!

Audience: Don't you mean Buttons?

Dudley: I'm going to tell the ugly sisters that they need therapy. Then I'm going to marry Cinderella, divorce her and give her all my money. Finally, I'm going to let Prince Charming live with her in my house.

Audience: Booo!!

Dudley: What do you think of my new career?

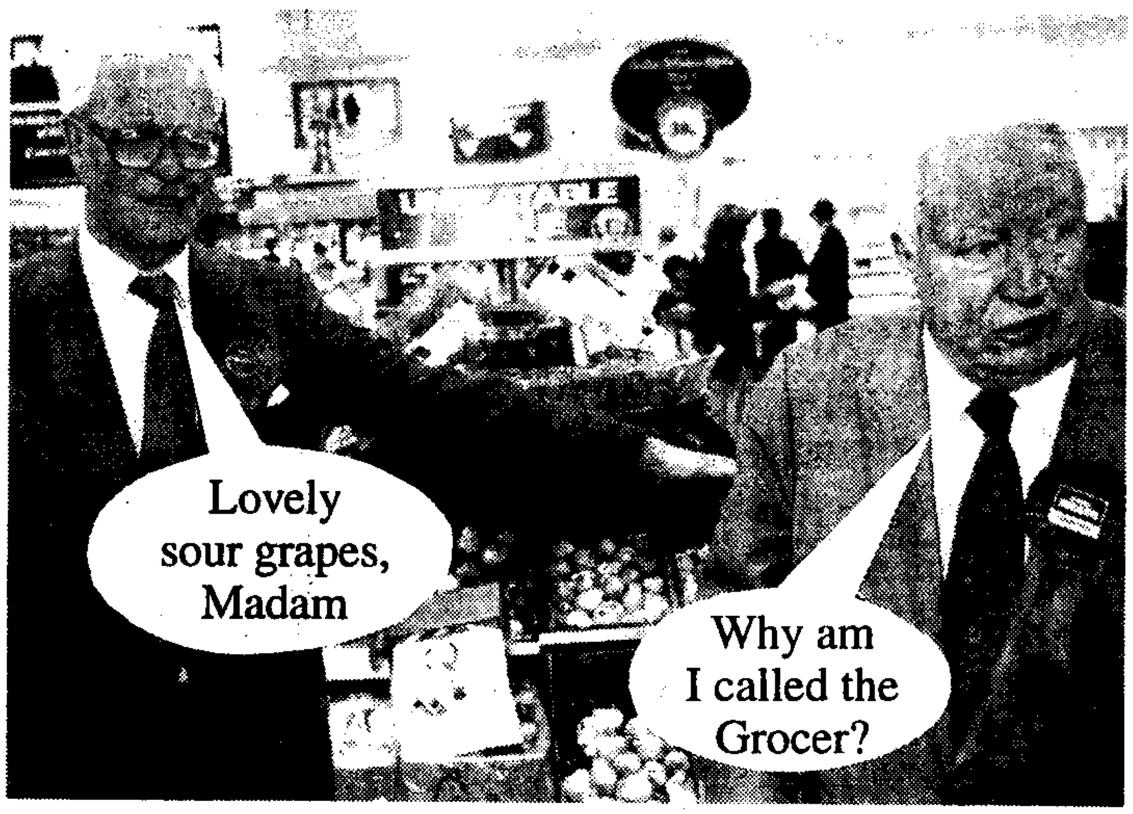
Audience: It's behind you!

Dudley: Oh no, it isn't!

Audience: Oh yes, it is!

Dudley: Oh yes, it is *(continues for several hours)*.

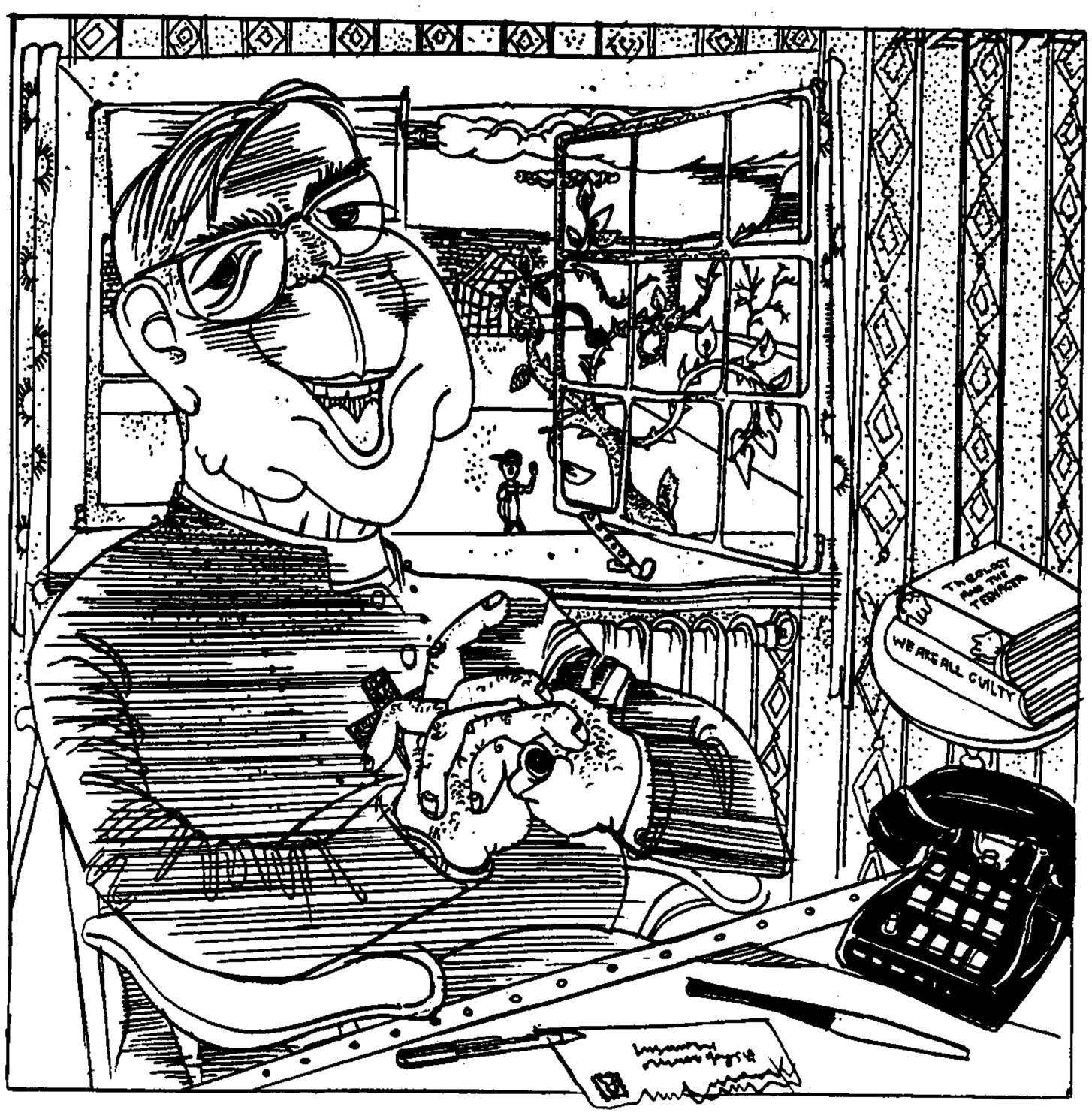
HEATH STILL STANDING



Harry Enfield's **Class Bores**
Drawn by **Michael Heath**

11. The Bishop

"I think the church simply has to move with the times I certainly wouldn't have any reservations about ordaining a Gay or Lesbian I mean it's generally acknowledged that St Paul was a big silly & society has changed since the Bible was written & we have to reflect that & so what if people are divorced & want to remarry in church? Nobody in their right mind believes 'Thou must not commit adultery' is meant to be taken literally & I think it's nice that most people choose to spend Sunday eating & drinking & shopping rather than going to church to praise God — I mean I think God would be a bit of a big head if he or she actually wanted to be praised don't you? & anyway Christ asks us to question the values of society so of course shop-lifting from supermarkets is a moral imperative indeed I like to think that when He comes again He'll be a shoplifter or perhaps one of those fellows who takes one's wireless from one's car although of course one has to question whether Christ really will come again if indeed He ever existed at all I mean we as Christians have to question very seriously whether there really is a place for God in the modern church I mean wouldn't Jason Orange be a better role model for the modern faith or perhaps Scary Spice?"



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

THE FINAL

Monday

I am on my bus and I am on my way to victory. "No, you're not," said my wife Norman, "you're on your way to Watford." We are going to visit a biro factory for a photo opportunity with Mr Wilmot, who is the managing director. "Change of plan," shouted Mr Dr Mawhinney, who was dressed as a chicken and carrying a number of mobile phones. "The factory's closed down, so we are going to Milton Keynes to launch my new poster saying that *Britain is booming.*" He then presented me with my "new ideas for today".

They were:

1. A grammar school in every town.
2. A grammar school in every school.
3. A grammar school in every motorway service area.
4. A grammar school free with every packet of cornflakes.
5. Mr Blair is cracking up, *unlike me.*

Tuesday

Today we are in a place called Muckle Flugga which is in the Shetland Islands. "If Mr Blair gets in," I told the people queuing to get into Star Wars 3, "this place will no longer be part of England." They all cheered, which shows how wrong the polls are.

Wednesday

The polls have finally got it right. There is one in the Guardian which shows that Mr Blair's lead has totally collapsed. I read about it in the Daily Telegraph and the Daily Mail, when we stopped for a photo-opportunity outside the Happy Eater in a place called Llandudno. When I told the people who were queuing that if Mr Blair gets in, this place would no longer be part of England, they all cheered again. We then drove to Cornwall to unveil Mr Dr Mawhinney's latest poster. I was very shocked to see that it showed Mr Herr Kohl sitting in a chair with Mr Blair on his knee. "Shouldn't that be me?" I said. "After all, I am the one who is Mr Herr Kohl's friend, not Mr Blair." "Shut up, you idiot, prime minister," he said, "this is our new secret weapon, Europe. We are suggesting that Herr Kohl is a paedophile." "I thought he was a Christian Democrat," I said. Mr Dr Mawhinney got very angry, and told everyone to get back in the bus as we had to be in Weymouth by 4.48 for a photo-opportunity in front of Mr Howard's new floating prison. "A grammar school in every prison," I told Norman, "that is my new idea for this afternoon." "Have you been in the toilet with the man from the Observer?" she said suspiciously, examining my arm in a curious manner. "I think you are in need of a long holiday," I told her. "I am about to get one," she said.

Thursday

More good news. Our candidates all over the country are at last right behind me in my policy on Europe. They have all declared that they are totally against the Single Currency, which is also my own position, except that I am also totally in favour of it. This shows that we are a united party. This is such a welcome display of support that Mr Dr Mawhinney quickly organised a broadcast on all channels for me to make what he called an emergency appeal to the nation. "What shall I say?" I said. "It's alright, prime minister," he assured me. "It'll be completely spontaneous. You just read it off the autocue." This is my historic speech in full. "Good evening (LOOK SINCERE). I am now going to tear up the speech I was going to make (TEAR UP BLANK SHEETS OF PAPER) and speak to you from the heart (PUT HAND ON HEART — THIS IS TO THE LEFT OF YOUR TIE). Who governs Britain? That is the question. Is it me or is it Brussels? (LOOK WORRIED) My message is simple. Back me or I stay. Do not send me naked into the toilet with Mr Self. Good night."

Friday

My historic broadcast has turned the tide at last. Not that the tide needed turning. Oh no. Mr Monsieur Santer has played right into my hands, in no small measure. He has sent an ultimatum saying that, although he has no wish to interfere in a British election, it was the duty of everyone in Britain to vote for Mr Blair. I am incandescent with pleasure, as this shows once and for all that Mr Blair is just a puppet on a string being manipulated by the faceless child molesters of Brussels. The election has come alive at last, and a new poll shows that I am only three points behind Mr Santer as the most unpopular man in Europe.

Monday

I am totally incandescent with incandescence over Mr Blair saying I am going to do away with the state pension. Let there be no doubt. "The day pensions are abolished", I told my wife Norman, "will be the day I give up politics altogether." "So that will be May 2nd," said Norman.

This is typical. Whilst I have been out on the campaign winning hearts and minds, if not actual votes, she has been ringing up someone called Mr Pickford and asking him for "quotes".

"I am the one who gives quotes round here," I told her, "and today's one is this: Mr Blair is a liar. And his pants are on fire. Oh yes."

Mr Dr Mawhinney has come up with a final brilliant poster saying "Tony is a B.Liar".

This is brilliant although it is a pity that it is mis-spelt and it is too late to change it.

Tuesday

I told Norman to take my Bastard Books out of the tea chest as I had another name to add to the list. It is Mrs Currie who has told the newspapers that the Tories are going to lose and it will all be my fault. How dare she? We are not going to lose and if we were I would not be able to sack her next week, as she would have lost her seat and so would I, which I am not going to do. Oh yes. Or oh no.

Eve of Poll

I have not yet decided which way I am going to vote. As far as voting Conservative is concerned, I would not rule it in or rule it out. We must wait and see what the conditions will be inside the polling booths. This has been a very long campaign and the main thing is that I must not crack up like Mr Blair. Tomorrow I shall vote for the future of Britain and then it is up to the people to decide. If by any chance I were to lose, which I will not, there is no doubt in my mind who is to blame. My brother Terry, who has done so much to undermine my image as a world statesman and to give a totally false idea of my background in Brixton. For example, on page 132 of his book, which I have never read, he says that a consignment of gnomes despatched to Digwell's of Chertsey, Specialists in Garden Ornaments and Horticultural Furniture, was wrongly delivered to a Mr Cyril Squirrel and that this was somehow all my fault...

Editor's Note

At this point the writing in the diary becomes indistinct and then peters out in an illegible blur *(surely Blair? Ed.)*.

How They Will Be Voting

On the eve of poll the Eye team advises readers on how to cast their votes

Dave Spart

GIVEN the sickening lurch of Blair towards the far right and his total and utter betrayal of the working people of Britain, there is only one way to vote on May 1st and that is Labour.

Sir Herbert Gussett

IN OUR part of the country there is only one issue, and that is the takeover of Britain by Herr Kohl's federal superstate. That is why there is only one vote for a loyal patriotic Englishman — The UK Independent Referendum Fish Party, represented in this constituency by the excellent local candidate, whose name temporarily escapes me, but I can assure you that his leaflet is on the hall table behind the pipe rack. I am of course writing this at the local headquarters of the Referendum Party, formerly the Lamb and Flag.

A. Taxidriver

THEY'RE all as bad as each other, aren't they guv? I mean that Major, he's bloody useless, isn't he? He hasn't got a clue. They've never been any good since they threw Maggie out. No, I'm not going to vote for them this time, I'm voting Conservative. I 'ad that Lord Hanson in the back of the cab once. Very clever man.

Glenda Slagg

PADDY ASHDOWN. Don'tcha-lovehim? With his craggy good looks and his penny on in-come tax, he's top of the polls for me!?! When did Goody Two-Shoes Blair or Measly Major ever show a girl a good time!?! Hi there, Mr Pantsdown, I'll give you a smacking great X on the Libs, geddit?! I won't tell the missus either!?!

Peter McLie, the world's worst columnist and former editor of Punch

HAVE you noticed how quiet all our politicians have gone? The House of Commons is like a morgue these days. No doubt they are all taking advantage of the spring sunshine to take a holiday. Why don't we have a ballot every five years to decide whether they deserve to keep their jobs? I have even thought of a name for such an event — the trouser press!

E.J. Thribb

So. Farewell then
John Major.
I am writing this
Before the result
Is declared.
So I could be wrong.

E.J.T.

A. Doctor

AS a doctor, I am often asked: "Doctor, how do you intend to cast your vote?" The short answer is "Conservative" or *Fundholderus profitensis maximus*, to give it its full medical name.

Gary Bullshit, TV Critic

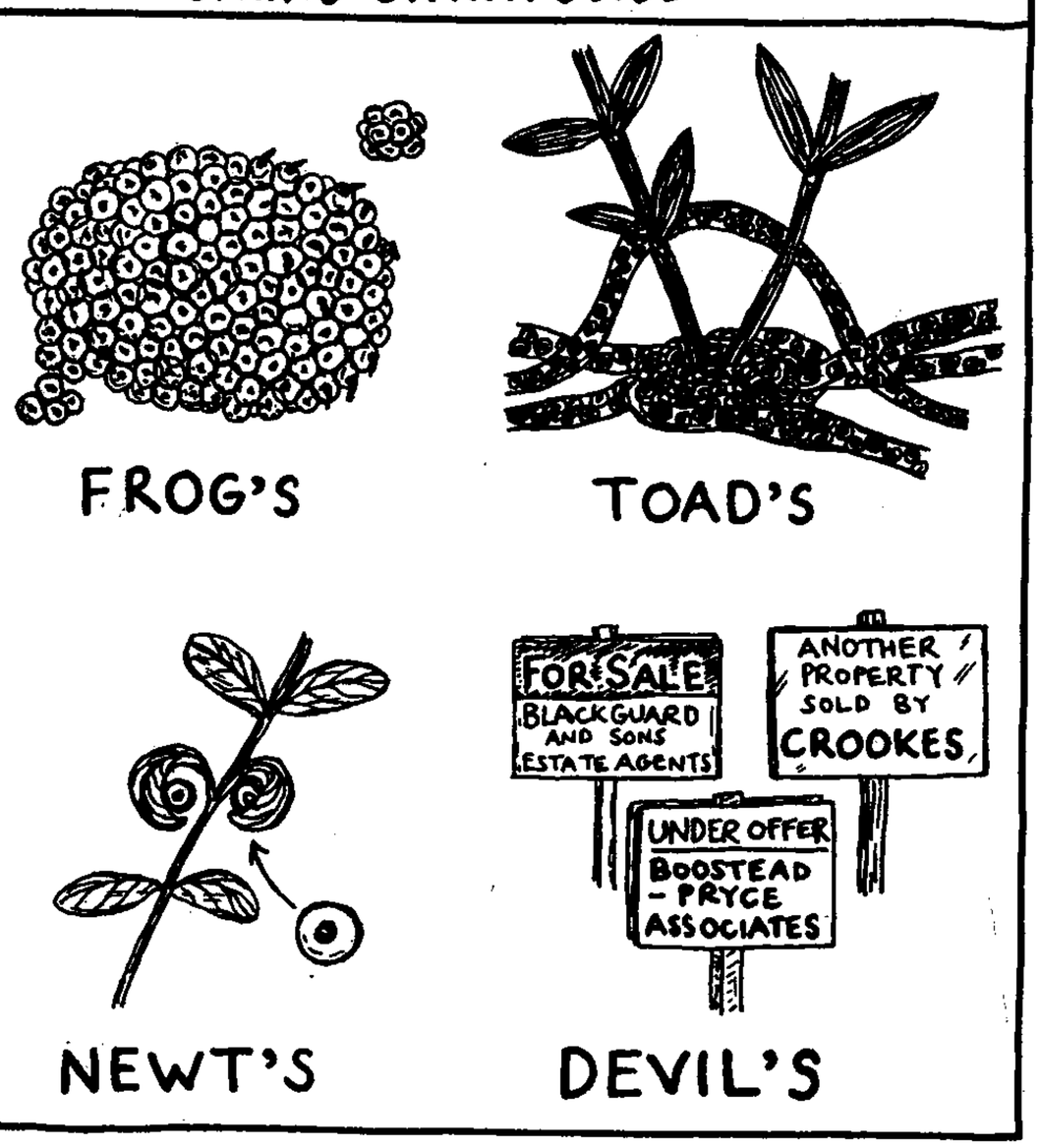
BLIMEY. Have you seen Dwanda, the new friend of Janine in *EastEnders*? What a pair of honkers! I'd like to give her one! Wouldn't you? Blimey.

Which fat cat directors are paying themselves £4.00 an hour whilst their workers earn less than £4.00 a minute?

Labour Research

Apparently... BY MIKE BARFIELD

HANDY SPRING SPAWN GUIDE



ADVERTISEMENT

Then try

DIAL-A-SCARE

A new service from Northern Ireland. Simply ring up the motoring organisation of your choice and say the recognised codewords — i.e. "There's a bomb."

And — hey presto! — in five minutes the roads are clear! And off you go!!

Also works for airports, railway stations, major sporting events etc.

Send now for free details to: **"Bombs IRA Us"**, c/o Sinn Fein, Northern Ireland or email hoaxcall@adamsbang.hahaha.co.uk

An Eye Election Service

How the parties differ – those crucial policies in full

	EDUCATION	LAW & ORDER	HEALTH	SCOTLAND
CONSERVATIVE	To have photograph of John Major taken with sixth-formers	To have photograph taken of John Major shaking hands with policeman	To have photograph taken of Tony Blair in hospital ward surrounded by nurses	To have photograph taken of Tony Major wearing a kilt
LABOUR	To have photograph of Tony Blair taken with sixth-formers	To have photograph taken of Tony Blair shaking hands with policewoman	To have photograph taken of John Major in hospital ward surrounded by junior doctors	To have photograph of John Blair playing the bagpipes
LIB-DEM	To have photograph of Paddy Ashdown taken on Welsh hillside	To have photograph taken of Paddy Ashdown down coalmine	To have photograph taken of Paddy Ashdown in Chieftain tank	To have photograph of Paddy Ashdown visiting a cheese factory in Northants. *(That's enough differing policies. Ed.)*

POLL OF POLL OF POLLS

Compiled by Our Political Staff
Phil Space

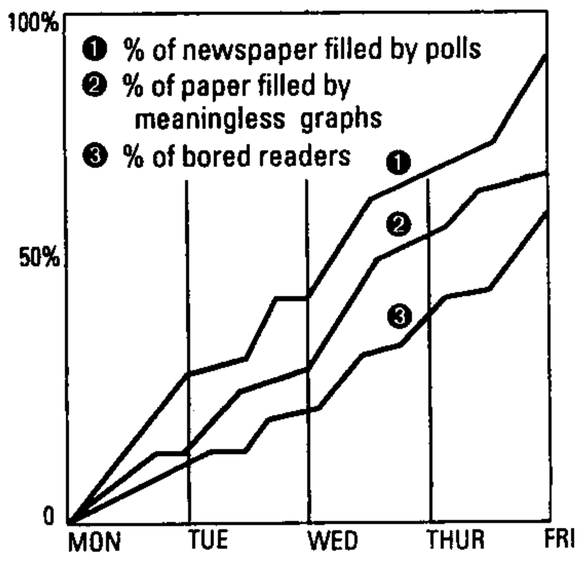
☒ 64% of the public believe that Peter Kellner is more boring than Peter Ridell.

☒ 28% want less Paul Johnson than Frank Johnson though 97% wanted neither.

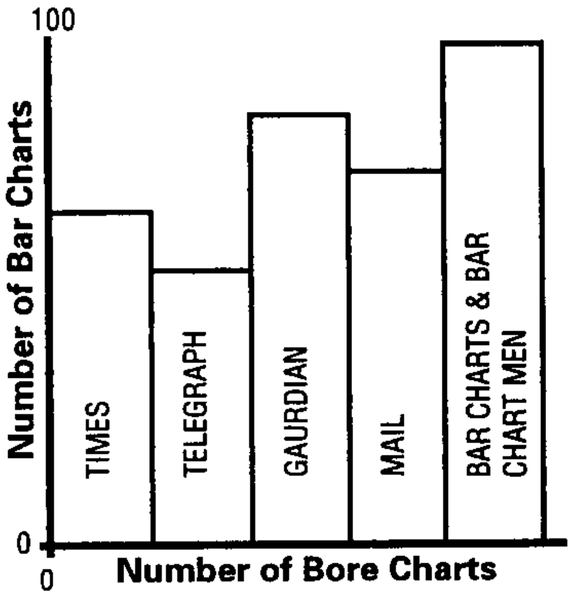
☒ 42% of those polled thought that Roy Greenslade's election column had even less to say than Brian MacArthur's. However, that is 15% up on last week's poll which indicated that Matthew Parris was 28% duller than Matthew Engel.

☒ Only 2% of those polled had confidence in Peter Preston having anything remotely interesting to say although in the same survey Ferdinand Mount was trailing Preston at 1%, having dropped 39% on his previous 42% lead over Hugo Young whose dull rating remains a steady 73%.

How the polls stand



Bar chart update



☒ Asked who they would "least like as their leader writer", 97% of the population chose Charles Moore, a swing of 29% away from Dominic Lawson with Will Hutton registering a disappointing 98%, thereby splitting the bored vote three ways.

☒ Asked to name the candidates most likely to lose circulation during the campaign, the survey nominated William Rees-Mogg (53%), Boris Johnson (42%), Petronella Wyatt (41%), Mary Ann Sieghart (27%), W.F. Deedes (21%), Peter Stothart (31%), Peter Kellner *(continued 94%)*

ANGLO GERMAN: The Ilkley Anglo German Society will meet in the Malt Shovel, Burley in Wharfedale (7.30pm for 8pm) for German foot tasting.

Yorkshire Observer

Your Cut-Out-'n'-Keep Guide to Tony Blair's New Non-Hereditary House of Lords

How It Will Look By Christmas 1997

Lord Rumpole of Mortiboys
Minister for Lunch and Tuscan Affairs

Lord Geoffrey of Robertson
Sleazefinder-General and Minister for Agreeable Drinks Parties

Baroness Roddick of Jojoba
Minister for Environmental Concern and Peppermint Shower Gel

Lord Barg of South Bank
Minister for Culture, the Arts and Talking to Famous People *(read him in the Times every Monday)*

Lord and Lady Follett of Airport Bookshop
Joint-Ministers of Mood Related Dressing and Big Dinner Parties for Tony

Lord Fry of Bruges
Minister for the Internet with Special Responsibility for the Groucho Club.

Lord Chariots of Fire
Minister for Subsidies to the British Film Industry

Lord Digger of Dirt
Minister for Television, Print and All Other Forms of Mass-Communication

MANDELSON UNVEILS NEW LABOUR SYMBOL

by Our Political Staff **Paul Barker**

PETER MANDELSON today hit out at the media for "trivialising the election campaign" and then produced what he called "a sensible and serious gimmick" in order "to try to win a few votes in the run-up to polling day". He then introduced waiting newsmen to a traditional British Bullshit.

"This Bullshit," he said proudly, "is a symbol of the new Labour party. It evokes feelings of passion, patriotism and desperation."

Furious Conservatives attacked Labour's use of the Bullshit saying: "It's disgusting. When you think of Bullshit, you naturally think of the Tory Party. How dare they steal our image?"

Mr Mandelson, however, defended his strategy. "Voters find Bullshit appealing and in the end that is all that matters. Labour is going through a purple patch at the moment which is a colour that really suits me, don't you think? What's your star sign?"

(Reuters)

EDUCATION

What Those Tories Will Be Doing At Christmas '97

Southampton, Theatre Royal. John Major stars as "Buttons" in *Cinderella*, with Edwina Currie and Dame Angela Rumbold as the Ugly Sisters.

Oldham, Hexagon. Michael Heseltine plays Tarzan in a panto remake of *The Jungle of the Apes*, adapted by Jeffrey Archer. Virginia Bottomley is Jane, and Michael Portillo plays Cheetah the Ape.

Harrogate, Corn Exchange. John Redwood features as *Aladdin*, with Lady Thatcher as the Baroness Twanky and Neil Hamilton as the 40 thieves.

Kilmarnock, Leisure Centre. Sir Michael Hirst as Poof in Boots *(That's enough panto. Ed.)*.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Denis Compton

So. Farewell then
Denis Compton.

Famous cricketer and
Advertiser of
Brylcreem.

The "Brylcreem Boy".
Yes, that is what they used
To call you.

What is Brylcreem?
I asked Keith's Mum.

She said it was
Filthy muck
Which Reg (Keith's Dad)
Used to put on
His hair.

Until she told him
Not to.

E.J. Hair-Gel (17½)

Wedding of the Century
How They Are Related

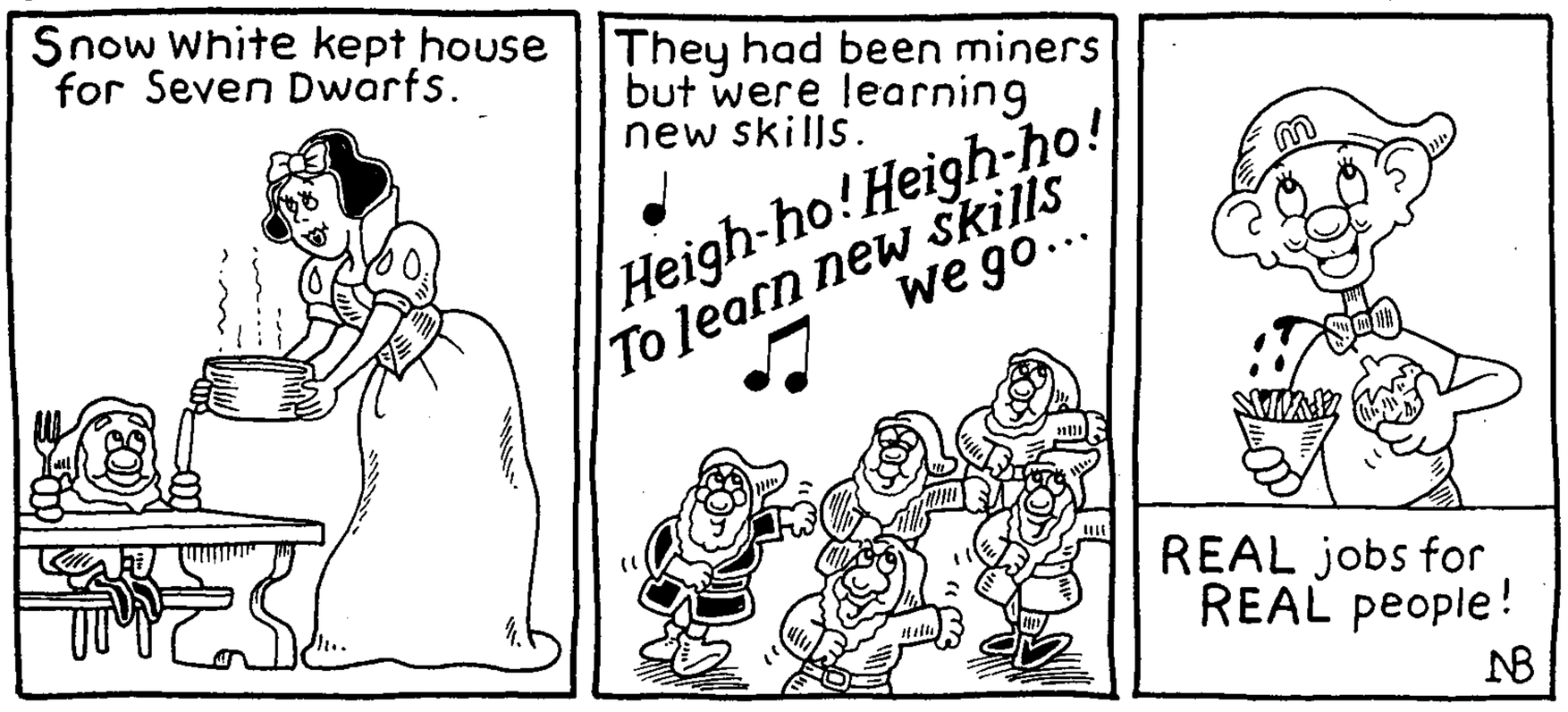
Andre Agassi

Brooke Shields

The Aga Khan
|
Aga Cooker
|
Aga Saga
|
Arthur Askey
|
Arthur Agassi
|
Andre Previn
|
Andrex Puppy

Brooke Brothers
|
Rupert Brooke
|
Elizabeth Taylor
|
Tim Brooke-Taylor
|
Terence Stamp
|
Green Shield Stamp
|
Brooke Bond-Tea

TORYTIME: Snow White and The Seven Trainee Chefs


Snow White kept house for Seven Dwarfs.
They had been miners but were learning new skills.
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! To learn new skills we go...
REAL jobs for REAL people!
NB

On Other Pages

The Brillo-Pad Boy — a legend in his era: Andrew Neill remembered by Petronella Bordes.

HOLY STONE OF NEASDEN IS 'SACRED SITE'

by Our Religious Correspondent **Lunchtime O'done**

AN ancient block of concrete which now forms part of the Neasden-Dollis Hill underpass has been named by the Prince of Wales as "perhaps the holiest spot in Britain".

The Prince was speaking at an open air multi-faith service of dedication for over 5,000 "sites of sacred significance" all over Britain.

They include:

- **A sewage farm in Newport Pagnell believed to have been the site of a neolithic wood-circle.**
- **Runway 3 at Brize Norton airfield where the Anglo-Saxon St Beefburga was stoned to death by angry Vikings.**
- **The Mecca Ballroom, Wisbech, which, according to legend, was where a group of Muslim pilgrims from Mesopotamia perished in a snowstorm in the 10th century.**

Over £2 million has been raised to ensure that all these sites are preserved in order, in the Prince's words, "to put us back in touch with the ancient harmonies of our ancestors".

David Bellamy is 58.

NATION PARALYSE

by Our Political Staff **Phil Space**

IT TOOK only a few recognised code words to bring the whole of Britain to a halt yesterday.

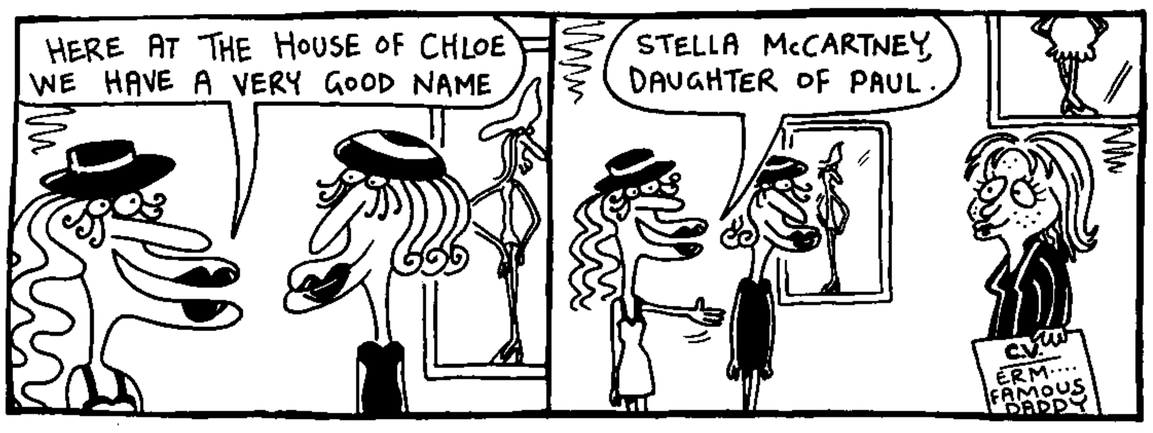
All over the country cars stopped in their tracks, trains froze and millions of people were trapped in their homes, unable to speak, after hearing the ominous words "There now follows a party political broadcast on behalf of..."

Said one infuriated viewer who had been caught in a 10-minute film of John Major explaining his policy of "Negotiate and decide on the Single Currency": "Who do these people think they are, causing us untold disruption and misery? They are trying to close down all the main stations by these outrages, but we are not going to be deterred. We will just have to watch a video instead."

(Reuters)

SUPERMODELS

KERBER



The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: A Service Of Outrage For The Embarrassment Of The Church General

The President *(for it is Carey)*: Good morning. It's lovely to see so many of you here this morning. First a few notices. The House Group will meet at 7.30 on Tuesday evening at Mountview with Mrs Wetherby *(here he may say 'Mrs Cardew', 'Mrs Lustig' or 'Mrs Finch-Wilkins')*.

Mrs Wetherby *(for it is she)*: It's been changed to Tuesday, Your Grace. I've got to take my mother to hospital on Wednesday.

President: Thank you, Joyce. I stand corrected, as ever!

(The congregation here may laugh or cough politely, to show appreciation of archiepiscopal humour. There shall then be a spontaneous demonstration by members of the Provisional Wing of the Anglican Outrage Movement, coordinated by the Very Irreverent Peter Tatchell)

Gays: Fascists! Murderers! Closet queens! You're all queers — why don't you come clean like us?

The President: We appreciate your concern and I have appointed a Synodical Commission to investigate this whole area in a very real sense.

Gays: Carey! Carey! Carey! Out! Out! Out!

President: Oh dear. I think we should all sing a hymn now.

(Gays sing a selection from the 'Oh, Look at Hymnal')

THE RESPONSES

Carey: What is it that you want?

Gays: Gay marriage, gay divorce and gay bishops.

Carey: I shall look into it.

Gays: Bastard!

Carey: I'm doing my best.

Gays: Bastard!

Carey: Is there anything else?

Gays: We demand the right of all lesbian fathers to adopt their partners' babies and to conceive by means of artificial insemination.

Carey: It is a matter for Synod.

Gays: Murderer! Pig! You look terrible in purple, dear!

THE DISMISSAL

President: I must now ask you all to depart in peace, or I will have to call the police.

Gays *(very excited at thought of being roughly handled by young men in uniform)*: Oooh, see if we care!

Mrs Wetherby: I've just looked at my diary, Reverend, and I see that *it's next* week that I'm taking my mother to hospital. So it's as you were for Tuesday. Can someone bring a pudding?

DIARY

THE SPICE GIRLS

...me to GIRL ...R!

...his is the only col...mn that's written by ALL OF US especially for ALL OF YOU!

And it's the only place you'll find out exactly what us SPICE GIRLS are really, really like — and you know that anything we do for you is always totally honest, totally happening and 100% PURE SPICE!

Emma: To me, GIRL POWER means if Mel C wants to wear trakkie bottoms, why the hell shouldn't she? Girl Power's about TAKING CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE and doing not what other people want you to do but what other people don't not want you not to do, but not if that's not what you don't want to do and definitely not if what you want to do is not what they want you not to do. It's that simple, girls!

Mel B: I'm a bit of a nutter, me. You'll never get me conforming. Not bloody likely. I thrive on chaos and being spur-of-the-moment. Like, last week I just felt like half a shandy from the hotel mini-bar. I just didn't care if it did my head in. The others said don't. But what did I do? I only went ahead and did it, didn't I? And to me that's GIRL POWER.

Mel C: GIRL POWER means there's a lot more to our music than most of the pop stuff we get lumped with. A lot of groups are just writing what they think the public will want, like what's going to sell. But we're not into that, no way. We write what we want to write, right? Our songs have INNER MEANING. Like:

I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna
I wanna want my wanna wants
And what you want I wanna want
I wanna I wanna I wanna want want

That's all about the way you sometimes want something, and sometimes you can have it, which is wicked, and sometimes you can't, which is crappy bollox. Basically, it's a Buddhist song. I'm into Buddha. Like, I gotta tattoo of the guy on my left buttock. But I don't fancy him. No way. Crikey. I hate guys who are ALL HANDS.

Geri: GIRL POWER? It's about taking control of your own dynasty. We're all feminists, and we've given feminism A KICK UP THE ARSE, 'cos what we say is you can THINK POLITICAL even when you're got up in a boob-tube and thigh-length boots. Which international politician would I most like to snog? Nelson Mandela. He's not just really smiley and snoggable but he's also a guy who knows what he really, really wants — and is prepared to spend his life on telly just to get it!

Victoria: GIRL POWER is all about being what you are. Like, I'm Posh Spice, and they all call me that 'cos I talk posh and I think posh and I act posh and I don't give a toss. If I want to get drunk or eat lots of cream cake then I do. We want young girls at school to relate to us, to be one of us. Kids can smell bullshit a mile off, it smells like... bullshit.

Geri: I sang 'If you put two and two together, you see what friendship is for'. I immediately saw the 2 plus 2 = 4 pun in that. I tried to explain it to the others. But they didn't get it. I got a C in Sums, you know. I'm always getting Sums into our songs, just to make them more brainy. See if you can spot the sums in this one:

I wanna be three 2 live my life
I really 8 being no 1
Come and five with me
4 as long as I'm yours and you are 9

Mel B: We're all deep thinkers, like, really really deep, four foot six inches deep, easy, maybe even five. So a song like

I wanna show you my tits
But I can't undo my bra-a
I wanna go all the way
Or anyway reasonably fa-ar

you can take on a lot of different levels, like level 1 or level 2 or level 3, depending where you're at and where you're goin'.

Emma: With our talent we aim to give every single person we come into contact with a zest for life. We broaden their minds, and make them aware of the real world outside. That's what I call GIRL POWER. So, like, the girl who's stuck working in a factory all hours can hear us sing

My fave poet's Seamus Heaney
An' I'm gonna buy a Lamborghini

and she can think, like, 'Wow, yeah; right — that's MY LIFE too — and it's really great The Spice Girls are living it for me!'

Victoria: Don't let no one tell you it's not hard work 'cos it is. Some days when we're doing videos we have to mime our hearts out for hours and we have to look good too if the body doubles aren't available. And the press! We've had to really gen up on politics, I can tell you! Me? I vote Liberals. Wicked Jeremy Thorpe lights my fire, and I reckon he's just the guy to take this country kicking and screaming into the 20th century. GIRL POWER — it's all about unity and solidarity between nations — and everyone else can just piss off.

So what's GIRL POWER? GIRL POWER is when:

- You and your mates reply to wolf whistles by shouting "Get your arse out!"
- You put on your WONDERBRA and start THINKING TOTALLY SPIRITUAL about heavy things like how to FIND GOD and how to get Inner Peace and where to get your hands on Top Shop's Summer Collection.
- You show you couldn't give a monkey's for WHAT MEN THINK OF YOU SEXUALLY. Instead, you PUT ON THE LIPSTICK, THRUST OUT YOUR TITS and STRUT YOUR STUFF — just the way YOU wanna do it, for yourself and NO ONE ELSE!

Celeb

LIGGER

AND WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
JUST OUT CLUBBING. NOWHERE SPECIAL...
WELL IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH SON. YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING IF YOU CARRY ON LIKE THIS.
SORRY DAD.
I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK. WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE.
THE SUN, THE MIRROR, ALL THE TABLOIDS... NOT A SINGLE MENTION OF YOUR WILD BOYS' NIGHT OUT...
YOU WON'T GET ANYWHERE UNLESS YOU UP YOUR PROFILE.

Literary Review

Putting the rot in erotica

Promiscuities: A Secret History of Female Desire
Naomi Wolf
(Chatto & Windus, £12.99)

NOW in her mid-thirties, Naomi Wolf has already made two deathless contributions to the mixture of cod-anthropology and hand-on-heart confessional that masquerades as American feminist "thought".

Following hard on the heels of *The Beauty Myth* and *Fire with Fire*, the lavishly hyped *Promiscuities* reaches quite extravagant heights of excitability in pursuit of the notion, hotly canvassed by the pop-eyed blurb ("Sexual marauders and adventurers, seducers and betrayers...") that us girls are, uh, *reclaiming our sexuality*, and as rampantly as possible. "We are all bad girls. But what kind of women are we?"

Leaving aside the fact that this girls-on-top line is one of the hoariest chestnuts of the post-80s style sheet, there is an immediate problem with the pronoun. As is customary with such things, this is pretty much disguised autobiography where "we" is "me", or at any rate "me and a few friends".

Essentially *Promiscuities* is a horrid cautionary tale about growing up in the Haight-Ashbury area of San Francisco at the fag-end of the 1960s, when the freaks had moved in, at least one parent per household had moved out, and selfishness had donned bells and kaftan to become self-expression.

And yet a formative experience — first Barbie, first date, first letdown — isn't just a formative experience, no ma'am. Here it's simply the reverse side of a whole heap of transmedial appropriations. Foreplay and penises-I-have-known march arm-in-arm with Margaret Mead, medieval law codes and ancient Chinese poetry, and the burbling sex monologues ("I didn't like male sexuality particularly until once, when I was making out, I had an orgasm for the first time. I thought 'My goodness!' I liked that, of course — who wouldn't?... Then, the first time I saw a guy masturbate, that was totally incredible.") are nearly always trailed by immensely sober resumés of "the Babylonian *Epic of Gilgamesh*, dating from around 2000 BC", which "tells the tale of a hairy wild man, Enkidu, whom the hero Gilgamesh must tame. He dispatches a 'temple prostitute to conquer him/With her greater power...' "

You get the idea? This isn't just the usual collection of smutty autobiographies à la broadsheet newspaper "sexual attitudes" surveys, it's *serious*. What ruins it, alas, is the lurking subjectivity of the gaze. A salient feature of modern journalism — and for all its bookshelf respectability, this is not much more than that — has been the rise of the New Solipsists, Sunday supplement ornaments such as William Leith and Zoe Heller, who, in the absence of any abstract thoughts worth communicating to their readers, merely go on about themselves: the excellent Thai meal they had on Friday night and what their boyfriend does with his used Kleenexes.

Naomi Wolf, it can be confidently asserted, is the High Priestess of the New Solipsists, portentous and self-beguiled by turns ("At thirty-three I went back to check in on the past" etc). By extension, this particular effort at unravelling what young women are thinking has no general validity, if only because its basis is the reminiscences of a few chums who grew up in an especially loathsome environment, whose influence they are still desperately trying to shrug off. *A Secret History of Female Desire*, maybe — but exclusive to me and a few of my mates.

Outside the confessional, Wolf's insights are of the most obvious kind ("My parents trusted me. It drove me berserk"). There are the usual salutary exposés of Yuppie excess, and it's difficult to know what kind of remonstrance might be appropriate for Wolf's pal, the glassy-eyed Manhattan mother found pushing bits of bread at her offspring in the wake of an all-night coke jag. Prune away the luxuriant tendrils of self-absorption, though, and *Promiscuities'* "message" can be boiled down into three sentences:

1. I grew up.
2. It was weird.
3. No sane person would voluntarily inhabit the west coast of America.

And to think that Ms Wolf (who "writes on women's issues and lectures all over the world") actually makes a living out of this!

Books & Bookmen

☐ **DR Barry Turner is the colourful editor of Macmillan's yellow back annual,** *The Writer's Handbook*. **Unlike its arch rival, A&C Black's** *The Writers' & Artists' Yearbook*, **the Macmillan tome offers opinions as to the merits and demerits of particular publishers and agents.**

To celebrate Macmillan becoming part of the German Holtzbrinck Group, Dr Turner wittily added to the copyright page before returning the proofs to the copy editor: "We have ways of making you read this book." Unfortunately the copy editor didn't realise that *ein Witz* **was intended and failed to delete the joke before the presses rolled. The pages had to be pulped and the book reprinted.**

■ *AT the Booksellers' Association annual conference in Dublin last weekend, publishers tried to persuade booksellers, over liberal quantities of alcohol, to order books direct from them and not through wholesalers as the booksellers would receive larger discounts. Not surprisingly the booksellers resisted this as wholesalers get new books to them within a day or two and publishers take, erm, longer.*

☐ THERE is no end to the cockiness of the chain bookshops these days. The manager of Waterstone's in Bath, the delightfully named Amanda Bloss, has issued directives to all publishers' representatives. Here are a few choice snippets:

"Booking appointments: when booking appointments please ensure that you book for all areas of the shop that you have books for, even if it only one or two books [sic]. You will not be allowed to show books in another area of the shop if you do not have an appointment... If you are sure you have made a first floor appointment but our diary doesn't have you listed you will not be seen.

Please respect the decisions of our buyers, their decisions are final. Do not haggle with our buyers even if you feel we our (sic) numbers are far too low. Do not openly show disappointment if you are not going to hit your sales targets or the like.

"Wandering around the shop: although you are allowed to wander around the shop please remember that our staff are here to work. They are not here to discuss how well your books are selling, nor are they free to pass the time of day."

Clearly Ms Bloss is blossoming.

■ **JONATHAN "Fatboy" Meades is a man of many talents — verbose novelist, face-filling restaurant critic and preening presenter of "televisual essays" on BBC2. But the weighty wordsmith may have missed his true vocation in life as an avantgarde children's book illustrator.**

Examples of his work are now available for inspection at second-hand bookshops in the Charing Cross Road, in such volumes as *The Tiger Tim Annual 1953* **(includes free "Refreshers" sweet-wrapper bookmark, early evidence of his gourmet palate), and** *Meet the Mounties* **("To Jonathan from Roger, Xmas 1953"). Obviously disappointed by the staid approach of the original artists, the fledgling aesthete has embellished many of the illustrations with vigorous crayon marks, showing a fashionable contempt for such outdated concepts as naturalism and "not-going-over-the-lines".**

"Not now dear — I'm trying to read!"

His most enthusiastic crayoning is reserved for cowboys-and-Indians yarns such as *The Riders of the Range Annual No 1*, **which also features two portraits by Meades of the principal characters, Jeff and Luke. Normally, such heavy defacings would reduce the resale value of a children's book to almost nothing. It is surely a tribute to Meades's colossal talent that the true collector will have to pay six quid to acquire it.**

Fans of the great guzzler are, nevertheless, disappointed. Where, they wonder, are all his Billy Bunter books?

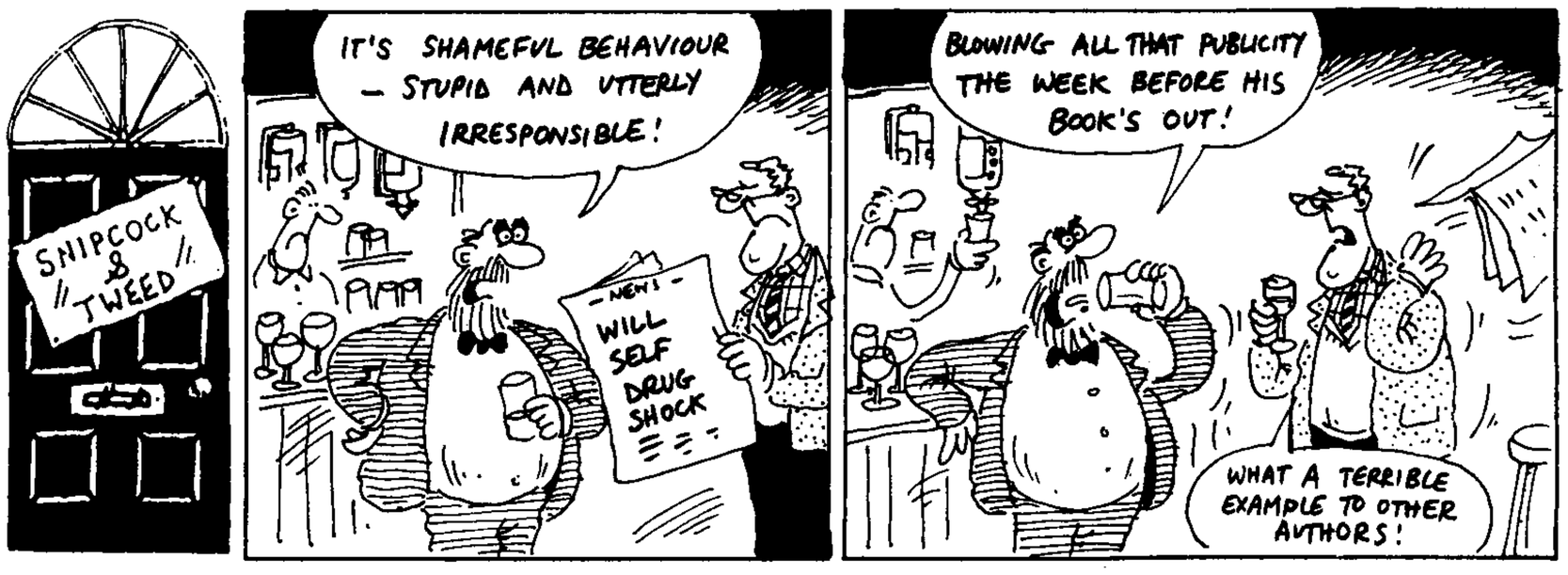
☐ SHOCK news: some members of the British National party are literate, and to prove it the party has started its own Top Ten reading list.

Internet anoraks who find the BNP's home page are shown the list and given some advice on reading matter. The fascist's eclectic guide includes such eye-openers as *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* by Arthur Butz (referring to the Holocaust) or *The Camp of the Saints* by Jean Raspail — "the classic underground novel about how Europe is engulfed by an avalanche of immigrants".

Alongside these moderate texts is a far more radical read at number six on the list: *The Trap* by Sir James Goldsmith.

■ *THE race to bring out a new Jane Austen biography has been won by Valerie Grosvenor Myer's Obstinate Heart, which received a patronisingly dismissive review from one "DN" in the TLS. His authoritative and objective assessment has, of course, nothing to do with Valerie's book having come out six months before a rival Austen biography written by London University don David Noakes — aka "DN".*

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOUR — STUPID AND UTTERLY IRRESPONSIBLE!
— NEWS —
WILL SELF DRUG SHOCK
BLOWING ALL THAT PUBLICITY THE WEEK BEFORE HIS BOOK'S OUT!
WHAT A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE TO OTHER AUTHORS!

footnotes

PHANTOM OF THE OPTIONS

ROLLING IN IT: Sir Colin and friend

ONE of the most stinging criticisms in last year's Scott report was directed at Sir Colin Chandler, chairman of Vickers.

When Sir Colin was head of overseas sales at the ministry of defence, he called in Michael Hastie, an old chum from British Aerospace (BAe), to join the MoD to help flog BAe Hawk fighter jets to Saddam Hussein.

Hastie got a completely new job description, even though his salary was still paid by British Aerospace. Scott slammed this arrangement as "a position of conflict of interest... as plain as a pikestaff", and *Eye* 892 asked: "Will Sir Colin resign?"

The answer is: no. "Vickers warns of disappointing year", reported the *Financial Times* on 25 April, but there was nothing disappointing about last year's enrichment of chairman Chandler. His salary is up 23 percent and his "total package of benefits" comes to more than £1m.

A new and exciting part of this package are Sir Colin's "phantom" share options. *Eye* readers know all about share options which were introduced by law 12 years ago and have enormously boosted boardroom bung ever since. Directors give each other the "option" to buy shares cheap and sell them dear. The only drawback to these options is that they have to be granted by the board, published and announced to shareholders. Most of them are burdened by tiresome conditions about how long you have to wait before the options can be "exercised". The new notion of "phantom" share options gets rid of all this pettiness. Now directors can be given huge sums of money to represent profit from share options they never had, but which they might have had if they had been granted them at an appropriate time. In Sir Colin's case, his colleagues' generosity with these phantom options brought him a nice little bonus of £150,449.

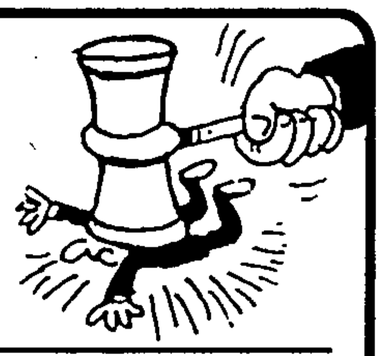
Hoggwashed

■ In the dark old days of public ownership, when civil servants pensions were paid by the state, the pensioners could deduct their insurance premiums from their pension without extra charge.

In bright no-nonsense dawn of private enterprise, each deduction will cost £10 each. The thrusting new companies which have taken over the payment of civil service pensions — Eye favourites Hogg Robinson and EDS — have told insurance companies to raise the money from their policyholders and pay up — or the deductions won't be made.

At least two companies — Customs Life Assurance and Scottish Amicable — have refused. Instead, they have asked their policyholders to make their deductions by direct debit — at a cost per deduction of 18P, a hefty saving on £10.

Beaks of the Week



D. Woodcock, R.D. Kitson

SHOULD single mothers go to prison for unpaid TV licence fines? That was the question facing Mr D. Woodcock and his fellow lay magistrates at Bradford on 3 April.

Sharon Shephard was up in front of them because of £727 unpaid fines for four convictions for unpaid TV licence fines. She told the court she had five children and relied on income support. Mr Woodcock and his fellows sent her to New Hall prison for 28 days. She applied to Bradford magistrates for bail on the ground that the procedure adopted was probably illegal, but stipendiary magistrate R.D. Kitson refused her bail.

Her lawyers took the case to the high court. She had spent 12 days in prison when on 15 April Mr Justice Sedley ordered her immediate release.

PS: Jane Hayward was *not* the Manchester magistrate who dealt with the case of Karen Ward reported in the last *Eye*. Sorry for the mistake.

Chambers of Horror

■ A BARRISTER who admitted "breaching proper professional standards" by opening a secret building society account with his colleagues' money has been made... a judge.

The dispute over John Samuels QC split the prestigious barristers' chambers at 3 Hare Court in the Temple. The head of chambers at the time was Sir Ian Percival QC, who was Mrs Thatcher's first solicitor-general and the Tory MP for Southport until 1987.

In 1985 Mr Samuels ran the chambers and fixed the barristers' contributions to the chambers expenses. In 1985, without telling a single other barrister, he opened a new account in the Bristol and West Building Society. Over two years, again without telling any of them, he transferred £25,000 of his colleagues' money — about a quarter of the chambers' annual budget — into this account.

SIR IAN PERCIVAL QC

When, by accident, Sir Ian Percival came across the secret account, he sacked Samuels from the chambers and later reported him to the Bar Council. A prolonged row broke out on that body as to whether to charge Mr Samuels with professional misconduct, which could have led to his being disbarred. Eventually the charge was fixed at a much lesser one — "breach of proper professional standards".

HIS HONOUR: Judge Samuels QC

Sir Ian took the Bar Council to judicial review, where, after long debate, Lord Justice Watkins and Mr Justice Garland upheld the decision not to proceed with the more serious charge. Mr Samuels pleaded guilty to the lesser charge and was "advised as to his future conduct". He had meanwhile set up new chambers in Lincolns Inn with some of his former colleagues. Recent dissension there led to Mr Samuels deciding to leave. He was wondering what to do next when the problem was miraculously solved for him by an announcement from the lord chancellor on 13 March: "Mr John Samuels QC has been appointed a circuit judge assigned to the South Eastern Circuit".

BAA HUMBUG 2

■ READERS of *Eye* 912 may recall the case of Danemark, a small outdoor pursuits company, and its efforts to sue, mega-rich BAA plc for breach of contract.

BAA deny there ever was a contract and denounce the one Danemark produce as a forgery.

For nearly four years BAA has been avoiding court by the familiar rich firm's legal device of "security of costs". In 1993 a high court master ordered Danemark to put up £15,000 in case it lost its action. This was raised in 1995 to £37,500.

BAA and its expensive lawyers Herbert Smith went to court again to demand £112,000. When this was granted, Danemark appealed to the court of appeal and won. The judges said the new sum would in effect "stifle the action" since Danemark could not possibly afford it. BAA appealed to the House of Lords which has just agreed with the appeal court — so the case can at last go ahead.

If any BAA shareholders have the cheek to ask their directors why they have wasted so much money on this case, they would be behaving deplorably, but there is nothing the *Eye* can do to stop them.

THE BRIDGEWATER APPEAL

SILENT WITNESSES

AFTER the first day of the appeal of the three men convicted of the 1978 murder of the newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater, the hacks fled, leaving the full and awful story to be spelled out in detail to the judges, but not to the public.

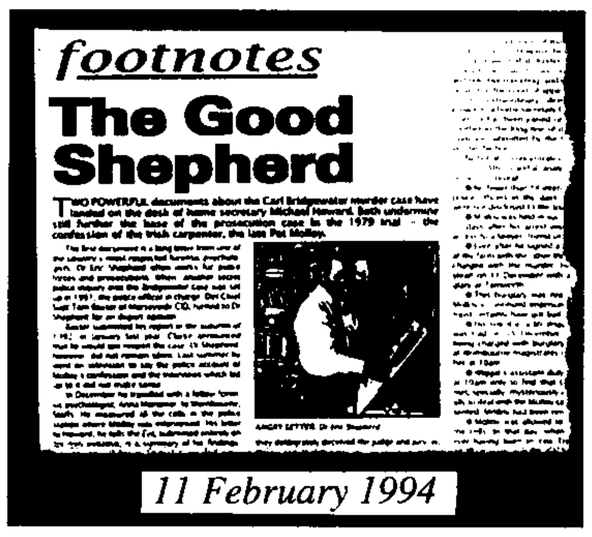
The first three days of the appeal dealt with the confession on 10 December 1978 of the carpenter Pat Molloy, who was convicted of killing Carl but died in prison in 1981. The confession had already been discredited by a recent forensic "ESDA" test which showed that before he agreed to make his confession Molloy, as he had always claimed, had been shown a forged statement by Vincent Hickey naming him as one of the murderers.

From that moment, Molloy's confession became inadmissible evidence, and that was enough to free the three remaining convicted men. But the prosecution still insists that, apart from the forgery, the Molloy confession was fairly taken. This view was effectively exploded by the long cross-examination on 22 April by Michael Mansfield QC of the former home office handwriting expert Robert Hardcastle. Hardcastle now works for a privatised outfit which still does the same work for the government.

In 1993, Dr Eric Shepherd, another forensic scientist who worked regularly for the home office, went on television to say that the police account of the Molloy confession was incredible. Shepherd's view, outlined in detail in *Eye* 839, was rejected by Dr Hardcastle in a statement on 2 June 1994.

A rather different picture emerged from his cross-examination at the appeal last month. Dr Hardcastle was asked at length about the time taken to secure the confession that Sunday afternoon in a cell in Wombourne police station. The police said that, between 3.40 and 4.20, Molloy agreed to sign a confession and did so. The crucial interview before the confession was allegedly recorded in notes (which have since mysteriously vanished) taken outside the cell by DS John Robbins. The confession itself was dictated to DC John Perkins who took it down in his own handwriting.

Research by Molloy's solicitor Jim Nichol showed that the average time taken to take similar statements was at least double the time alleged to have been taken at Wombourne.



footnotes

The Good Shepherd

TWO POWERFUL documents about the Carl Bridgewater murder case have landed on the desk of home secretary Michael Howard, both undermining vital further links of the prosecution case in the 1979 trial – the confession of the Irish carpenter, the late Pat Molloy.

11 February 1994

Questioned by Mr William Coker QC, the only barrister still left from the original prosecution of the four men, Hardcastle seemed to be suggesting that it was just possible that the interview before the confession could have taken the time alleged by the police. But this possibility vanished under Mansfield's cross-examination. Confronted with the speeds of all the other interviews, Hardcastle said: "I would agree that these are apparently much lower speeds than the apparent speed attributed to the confession".

The decisive moment in the cross-examination came just before lunch on the 22nd when Dr Hardcastle was asked about a previous interview given by Molloy on the same day in the same cell in exactly the same way as was alleged for the confession. Once again DS John Robbins had taken notes outside the cell, but his notes and timings for this earlier interview have since been found. Working from them, Dr Butterworth calculated its speed at 87 characters a minute.

Just before lunch on the 22nd, the presiding judge Lord Justice Roch intervened dramatically, and asked Hardcastle:

Q. How long was the interview earlier that day, the one before Exhibit 54 (the confession)?

A. The typed version of that interview contains 3,568 characters.

Q. So we can work out how long it would take to write that at 87 characters per minute by dividing that figure by 87.

A. Yes, my Lord.

There was then a silence while Hardcastle fumbled with his calculator. But the sums had already been done by Molloy's lawyers. Mr Mansfield told the judges:

"The assessment is 41 minutes".

Yet the police pretended the interview took twenty minutes — precisely half what it could have taken. The police version was impossible. The whole confession story was nonsense. After lunch, Mr Mansfield rammed this home:

Mansfield: *In summary form therefore — I come back to the beginning — really this whole position between 3.40 and 4.20 is that what the officers claimed happened in terms of the processes and the times cannot have happened within that period in the way deposed, that is 3.40 to 4.20 — can it?*

Hardcastle: *3.40 to 4.20, no.*

Thus the expert relied on by the police and the crown to dismiss Dr Shepherd's reservations about the confession in 1993 and 1994 now says that the police version of the confession is impossible. But the questions remain. What really happened? How was the confession obtained?

The officer who wrote it down — Perkins — is dead. But there are several others from the same Wolverhampton-based "syndicate" (the police's own word for the regional crime squad group who were involved with Molloy) who are still alive: former DCI Jeffrey Turner, the man in charge; former DC Graham Leeke, who says he was in the cell with Molloy when the confession was made; former DS John Robbins, who says he was outside the cell taking notes (and who only recently left the West Midlands police, though they won't say why or when); former DC Walker, who says he was in the cell moments before the confession; DCI Weslea Watson, who was closely involved in the entire case.

Any one or all of these officers could surely throw some light on the "impossible" confession. At the 1988-89 appeal the prosecution bolstered its case with a host of Staffordshire policemen, including Watson. How many officers will be called this time?

Charge of the Shite Brigade

■ THE big news on Sunday 13 April was the arrest "on suspicion of attempted murder" of three people at a central London demonstration in support of striking Liverpool dockers.

All the newspapers reported this extraordinary fact, but — whoops! — by the time the papers hit the streets all three had been released without any charge at all.

A Scotland Yard spokeswoman agreed that information about the attempted murder arrests had come from the Yard's press bureau. "Information is fed to us and we try to get it out as soon as possible," she explained. The news that no charge was in fact made was not reported on a single front page.

SEALEY'S FATE

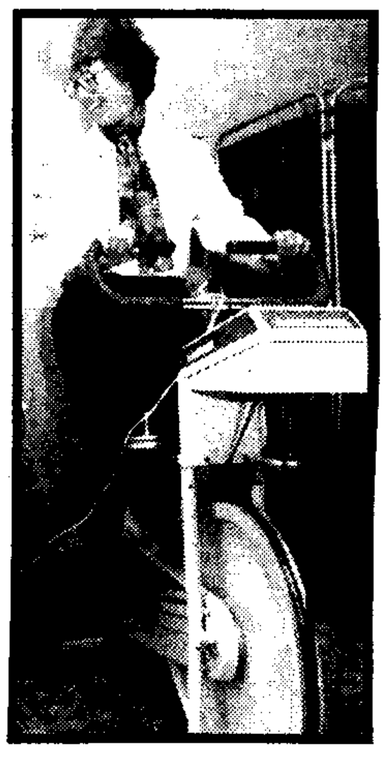
■ Two senior NHS managers in Hampshire — Dr Kate Bernard and Mrs Angela Sealey, chief executive and chair of the North and Mid-Hampshire Health Authority — are up for the sack after being savagely censored by MPs for one of the worst cases of patient-dumping ever exposed in the NHS (see Doing the Rounds, *Eye* 921).

In February 1994, as part of the familiar run-down of NHS psychiatric services, the health authority decided at a secret meeting to "bring forward" the closure of a ward at Park Prewett, an NHS psychiatric hospital near Winchester, and to transfer all its patients to a private nursing home.

The decision shocked the consultant in charge of the ward, Dr Pearl Hettiaratchy, who had been looking after the patients for six years. She examined her 24 patients and concluded that at least five of them were quite unfit for the move. "They were all people with severe physical and psychological difficulties," she later told the Commons ombudsman committee.

One patient in particular, Eddie Ayres, was "of a very great age, physically very frail, with advanced end-stage organic brain disease... I had given a commitment and an undertaking to this man's family that this is what the NHS is all about, that we will provide care for him right up until death so that any patient who actually died would die with dignity, would die in peace in surroundings that were familiar to him and in surroundings where he would be cared for by people he had come to know, love and trust."

Dr Hettiaratchy went on two weeks' leave. While she was away the health authority authorised the immediate move of all the patients, including the five she had deemed unfit. The move was carried out in haste and chaos without even the patients' doctors being consulted. Three weeks after the move the old man — and two other patients — were dead.



ON HER BIKE?: Angela Sealey

The normally moderate Commons committee was outraged. Asked whether she had considered resigning, Mrs Sealey said no, that "would not have been sensible". But the committee's report, published just before the election campaign started, ended with a very strong recommendation to the health secretary to "review the suitability of these persons to be in positions of responsibility in the health service". A health department spokesman told the *Eye* that this was "now a matter for incoming ministers".

In the City

WHEN the history of the great stock market boom of the 1990s comes to be written, it may well be that the £1.5bn Co-Op bid that never was — by jumped up jerk Andrew Regan using stolen documents — will be seen as a defining moment marking the beginning of the end.

For, proving that Bourbon-like banks, brokers and lawyers had learned nothing and forgotten everything about the excesses of the greed-driven 1980s, big City names rushed to back a dishonest but none too smart little slick-haired spiv in mission impossible.

The out-of-time Regan was rerunning the corporate raids of another era trying to turn £1 of his own money into £1m using £1bn of other people's cash. His only previous claim to fame? That he had made £3m in his first deal in double quick time: money made in circumstances (mysterious payment to an offshore company, and Swiss bank account for under-explained services) which now suggest that iniquity and Andrew Regan became acquainted long before he persuaded equally greedy Co-Operative Wholesale Society (CWS) executives Allan Green and David Chambers to betray their colleagues.

But for Tory party stalwarts Hambros and other fans of the new Reganomics such as lawyers Travers Smith Braithwaite (who had clearly forgotten how close they came to the flame in Blue Arrow), big fees blinded them to everything — even seven boxes of confidential Co-Op documents which could never legally have been Regan's to possess, never mind use.

A crucial role in lending credibility to Regan — a man the *FT* assured us "is not fond of the press" — was his behind the scenes PR campaign. And nobody was more helpful in promoting the Regan cause than the *Sunset Times*'s City editor John Jay or his *Sunday Torygraph* rival Neil Bennett. Both vied to boost Regan with orchestrated "leaks" of his plans and the problems faced by the Co-Op. Ironically it was the "leak too far" of the Co-Op's results last month, combined that weekend with the taped meeting between Regan and Green, that blew the would-be corporate raider away.

PR firm Financial Dynamics; former hack Damien McCrystal; and Tim Bell promoted the "dishonest" Regan. Financial Dynamics and Lowe Bell have close links to both Sundays nurtured by years of Friday night "drops" and personal friendships. No surprise therefore that despite the revelations of the "iniquitous" Regan's "disgraceful" use of stolen documents in a bid branded "clearly dishonest" by Mr Justice Lightman, there was no apology from Jay or Bennett for making such a bad judgement call.

After writing the previous Regan puffs (persisting even after the Green tape surfaced), Jay left others to pick up the pieces and explain one more idol made of clay. But then what can be expected of a man who fell in love with such pillars of probity as Cap'n Bob, and continues to defend John Gunn despite the collapse of British & Commonwealth and subsequent highly critical report by the Department of Timidity & Inaction.

City editors are paid because they are supposed to be able to read the game of business as well as write about it. But how could a Hanson wannabe like Regan be treated seriously if he considered that hiring loudmouthed racist bigot and Tory MP David Evans as a director gave him credibility?

With a Labour government on the horizon, did handing the Co-Op a large slab of party history, over to a company controlled from opaque tax havens like Monaco, Nevis, the British Virgin Islands plus Guernsey, really seem viable? Hambros may not be the only City institution whose reputation has been badly damaged by getting too close to Andrew Regan. Jay and Bennett are also covered in worse than egg. And their collective embarrassment could grow once more is known about two outstanding items of Regan business.

The first concerns £2.4m paid to Trellis International, the BVI company with a Swiss bank account controlled by Regan backer Ronald Zimet, a shadowy but wealthy Tel Aviv-based investor. Trellis received this money, Regan claims, for helping in 1995 to clinch an unusually premature extension of the supply contract between the CWS and Regan's company Hobson which had acquired the CWS food companies the previous year. Zimet worked his miracle in just three days. Yet nobody at the CWS admits to any dealings with him or Trellis. The extension granted, within the year Hobson had been sold enriching Regan and his backers.

Zimet has declined to explain how he pulled off his coup. This silence and the nature of the payment have encouraged malicious suspicions that Trellis might have been facilitating a pay-off to third parties. The use of offshore companies in secrecy havens with Swiss bank accounts is how that has been done in the past in other instances. Doubtless Zimet will be able to disprove such suspicions.

Then there are the share dealings in Regan's vehicle Lanica Trust in the period from last October until the quote was suspended in February after Jay published details of his CWS ambitions. In that brief period Lanica had gone into orbit from 135p to £20.50. This is now under examination by the stock exchange insider dealing squad. Throughout that period Regan was being passed documents and information by Green from inside the CWS.

Just who knew what about Regan's plans for the CWS at that time could be crucial in explaining those who chased up Lanica shares in an admittedly thin market. Regan backers Schroders, Jupiter Asset Management and Killick obtained shares from him at 200p when the market price was already 800p. Regan explained this had been pre-arranged. But what did that trio know about the CWS plans?

Regan certainly indicated that he was planning a big deal soon after Green began handing over CWS secrets last September. "We are working on something... a large diverse business," Regan told the *Independent* the day he took control of Lanica last October. Why then did he tell the stock exchange in January he was "unaware" of any reason why the shares had risen by almost 1,500 percent between September and December? He may have been, but others clearly were not. It must all be so embarrassing for Financial Dynamics, embroiled in other insider investigations by the DTI, to have another client under scrutiny.

Of course the joke could now be on the buyers: if the shares are relisted the price is likely to be much nearer the 56p before Regan came along than the £19.50 at which they went out.

CHRIS EVANS COMPLETES HIS TAX RETURN

WHILE his fellow Goldsmith groupie Neil "Member for Sleaze" Hamilton was under pressure in Tatton, Gerald Howarth appeared to have a safer route back to the Commons in Aldershot after ejection in 1992 from his West Midlands seat.

Clearly the Tories of Aldershot like their MPs from the hard if not far right and are prepared to overlook Howarth's former publicised involvement as a paid consultant to arms-to-Iraq supplier Astra Holdings and mouthpiece for Goldsmith at the time of the failed bid for BAT.

Not previously reported is Howarth's efforts on behalf of Tarn Pure, a failed water purification business which wiped out its investors, including the West Midlands Metropolitan Authorities pension fund.

Tarn Pure claimed to be able to use ionization rather than chemicals to disinfect water. It was quoted on the Vancouver stock exchange, although the main business was in Buckinghamshire. Tarn Pure's inventor was John Hayes, who was backed up by John McGill. McGill had a criminal record and had been prosecuted for multiple share applications to British Gas. By March 1989 Tarn Pure had lost almost £1m in three years.

Enter the MP for Cannock, Gerald Howarth. In September 1989 Howarth visited the United States to see the Tarn Pure device at work. His guide was McGill. The MP was impressed. On 29 September he wrote to Hayes: "If there is anything I can do to help (and I am pursuing matters with government ministers) I shall be delighted to do so."

One way he did help, on 3 October, was by writing to a firm of Canadian brokers who were pressurising Tarn Pure over its loss making performance. He demanded an assurance that the brokers were acting "properly". Howarth said he was writing on behalf of constituents who were Tarn Pure investors. Who these were was not made clear. The West Midlands fund did not invest until 1990.

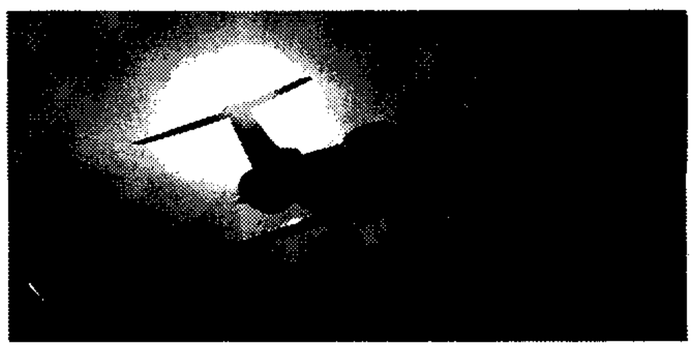
Howarth made no mention of Tarn Pure or his US trip in the register of MPs' interests for 1989. Presumably because the company did not pay him or for the visit.

Sadly Howarth's efforts did little for Tarn Pure. The losses continued and the British company went into liquidation in 1992 — shortly before a Texas jury awarded $19.8m to the parents of a child who died after swimming in a pool using its purifier. Tarn Pure shares were delisted in 1993 after falling to a few cents. The West Midlands pension fund took a bath.

'Slicker'

PRIVATE
CHARTERING
MADE
PLANE
SIMPLE

01293 549555



AIR LONDON PLC

ANY PLANE • ANY WHERE • ANY TIME

What could be *more* rewarding than discovering a local Hen house?

A perfect combination of smoothness and strength, with a subtle blend of flavours.

A most Gratifying Ale.

http://www.oldspeckledhen.co.uk

Brewed by Morland of Abingdon. Est'd. 1711.

GOONS recordings found!
Now issued for the first time in 33 years

How to win an

ELECTION

(or not lose by much)

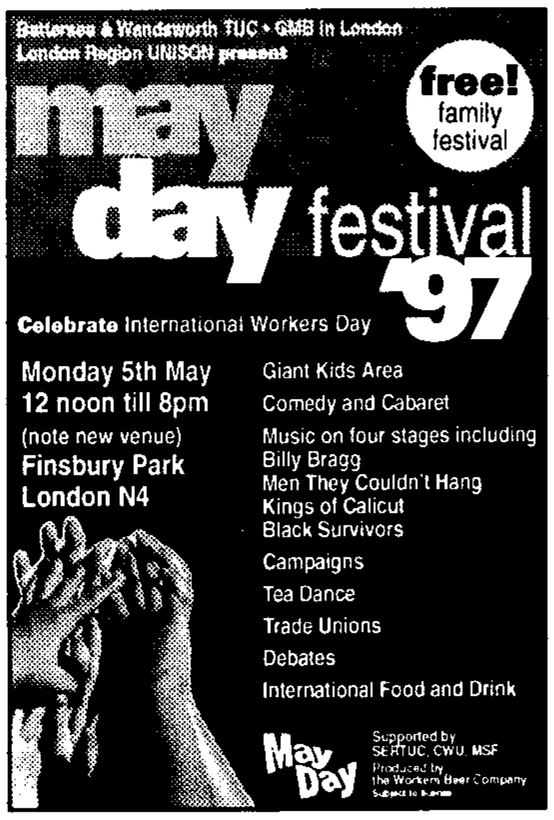
Featuring
HARRY SECOMBE PETER SELLERS SPIKE MILLIGAN

tee hee!

Out now on Cassette and CD

Available at WH Smith, Woolworths and all good book and record shops
If you have trouble finding a copy please call 0171-627 8777 for further details

Quality L, XL cotton T-shirts
Printed in White and Red
GET THE BEERS IN... NOW!
£13.50 (incl. P&P)
TEL (0181) 692 4806
FAX (0181) 694 0848
with credit card or send your order, cheque/PO, with name & address to
Screen Services
40 Millmark Grove London SE14 6RQ



Snap Election! X

Where the sleazy don't sleep easy.

Hamilton meets Bell in your living room. The game of white suits, brown envelopes and political hokey-cokey.

Now available in Tatton!

Treat a friend to a copy from Politico's, Heffers, Oxford Heritage, Hal Whittaker of Knutsford or order direct from Prowler Productions Ltd, 9 Craven Hill, W2 3EN. Tel/fax: 0171-402-8083.

Send me one copy of Snap Election! I enclose a cheque for £35 payable to Prowler Productions Ltd or please debit my Mastercard/Visa:

Name _____ Expiry ____

Address _____

_____ Postcode ____

Political Wilderness

Political Graveyard

Political Quagmire

'Genuine wit' - William Hartston, The Independent

specialEYEs

personal

the Phone Café

0891 30 31 71

SPEAK WITH UP TO 45 WOMEN ON THE PHONE 24 HOURS A DAY

Calls cost 50p min at all times. TPC. Box No 28, 93 Cowcross St. EC1M 6BH

meeting people

Club SIRiUS
ALTOGETHER MORE FUN

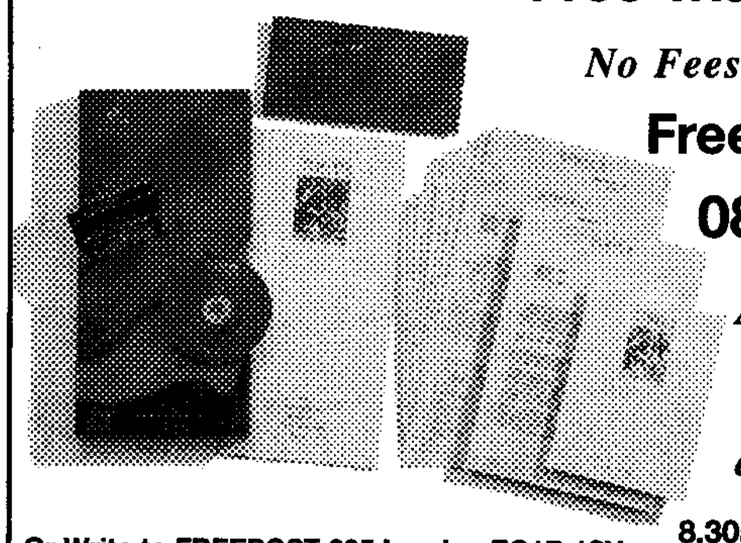
Intelligent, articulate and well educated ? Want new friends and fun evenings ?

Free Trial Membership

No Fees – No Obligation !

Free Info Pack

0800 072 0075



Ask about our Money Back Guarantee after you join !

BSI REGISTERED FIRM Cert FS36813

Or Write to FREEPOST 305 London EC1B 1SY

8.30am to 10.30pm 7 days/wk
Including Bank Holidays

---

zygosis the bringing together...

THE PROFESSIONAL PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

Professional people often don't meet their ideal partner in their current social circle.
That's where Zygosis can help.
We are highly selective, operate nationally, are confidential, discreet and produce results.
We look forward to your call

LONDON	OUT OF LONDON	SCOTLAND
0171 629 6979	01625 582800	0131 556 5655

---

drawing down *the* moon

The original personalised introduction agency

PROBABLY THE BEST AGENCY IN THE WORLD

Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington
0171-937 6263
24 hours
Est. 1984 Member ABIA

drink

Duty Free Wines, Beers & Real Ales

Quality Wines, Beers & Real Ales produced for personal use by members of our brewery Club are Duty Free. You can make big savings and enjoy the great taste of the finest natural ingredients. Call in for a tasting

Mr Bung the Brewer
241/245 High St, Acton, London W3 9BY. **Tel 0181 993 4588**

services

LONDON CONVEYANCING AT PROVINCIAL RATES

eg £300 plus VAT and disbursements for a purchase price of less than £150,000. Please telephone Peter Brooks for further details.

Bevans
solicitors
155 Whiteladies Road
Clifton
Bristol
BS8 2RF
Tel: 0117 923 7249
Fax: 0117 923 7253

The Virtual Office

Give our Girls a call!

We are Europe's most advanced call handling and total business support company

- Your own telephone account manager
- Calls answered in your company name and redirected
- Prestigious Piccadilly address
- Full range of business support services
- Conference rooms and secretarial support

211 Piccadilly London W1 0171 917 2917

Why settle for less, when you can have the best!

If you are selling your endowment policy, phone Neville James now.

- We pay more than surrender value for suitable ***with-profit*** endowment policies
- Professional, specialist staff 7 days a week, 8am - 8pm

PLEASE CALL NOW
01243 52 00 00
Please have policy details ready when you call and quote ref. PE495

Neville JAMES
Neville James Limited, Forum Integritatis, West Pallant, Chichester, PO19 1TB

Regulated by the Personal Investment Authority | Member of The Association of Policy Market-Makers

---

LOAN$ LOAN$
(HOMEOWNERS ONLY)
Discreet service. By post or telephone.
Speedy response, fast payout & keen rates.
CALL FREE 0800 018 3003 (24HRS)
MIDLAND PROPS & FINANCE CO.
Licence No 019545 (1976) est.1973
Mr C. Aldridge — iTs Ltd (Agent).
YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS ON A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT. WRITTEN QUOTES WITH EVERY OFFER

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH *OR* NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
01624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

politics

MESSAGE TO ALL MONSTER RAVING LOONIES

GO HOME AND PREPARE FOR GOVERNMENT!

— DAVID STEEL. (SUTCH A MISTAKE, SURELY?)
VOTE FOR CHRIST — BARBARA CARTLAND

travel

SKYROS HOLIDAYS IN GREECE AND THE CARIBBEAN

- 200 courses incl. yoga, T'ai Chi, massage, sailing, windsurfing, fishing, writing and more.
- 90 excellent tutors incl. Ken Russell, Sue Townsend, Toyah Willcox and many others.
- Superb setting.

Friendly community. Delicious food.

BROCHURE: 0171 284 3065

for sale

GENUINE BIRTHDAY NEWSPAPERS

From largest archives saved from 1642-1996. Sunday Newspapers from 1915. Ready for presentation. Same day dispatch. PE

REMEMBER WHEN

520 Purley Way, Croydon CR0 4RE

0181 688 6323

health

Problem Drinking

WE CAN HELP!

Castle Craig RESIDENTIAL CLINIC

for understanding, caring treatment and recovery from alcoholism and other addictions. Private, Corporate or NHS. ISO9002 accredited. Medically directed specialist clinical programme. 47 acre private grounds.

FOR BROCHURE, PHONE

01721 752625

Or write to Castle Craig Clinic, Blyth Bridge, Peebles EH46 7DH.

television

Fancy a vodka?

Are you a vodka buff? Do you know your Wyborowa from your Moskovskaya? Do you want to talk about it? Documentary production company is looking for people who know and love vodka.

Please call Pete on: 0171 730 9641

To use this page please call Irene Evans on

0171 437 2717

computing

Publish !

And be spammed? Your greetings, prose, poetry, play or pictures on the

World Wide Web

Home pages from £29. Commercial site package deals. List of services:

KIM Computing

Call/fax 01442 879 209

WANTED: Chancellor!

Can you do better than Ken? Our unique computer simulation **Tax and Please!** gives you the chance to try. Realistic, Educational & Fun! Windows 3.1/95 £35 inc VAT & p & p.

Topologika Software

01326 377771 (24hrs) Access/Visa

sales@topolgka.demon.co.uk

courses

The Open University

A master's degree while you work.

If you've ever thought that a master's degree could aid your job prospects but can't study full time then an OU course could be for you.

All our taught degrees can fit in with career and domestic commitments, with your learning providing immediate benefits.

Courses are portable too, so even if you change jobs or locations, you can continue studying.

And there's a wide choice, ranging from computing to social sciences. Our higher degrees brochure tells you more.

Through OU supported open learning

Our unique method of teaching lets you study wherever you live and in your own time. You'll work using specially written course books, audio and video cassettes, radio and TV programmes. You'll also receive support from a personal tutor and Regional Centre.

Over 9,000 people are currently taking OU courses leading to higher degrees. If you have a good first degree from a UK university, the equivalent in alternative qualifications, or suitable experience, you could join them.

Send for your free brochure on higher degrees NOW.

Send to: The Open University, PO Box 625, Milton Keynes, MK1 1TY.

☐ Please send me a copy of your 'Higher Degrees' brochure.

Name

Address

Postcode Tel

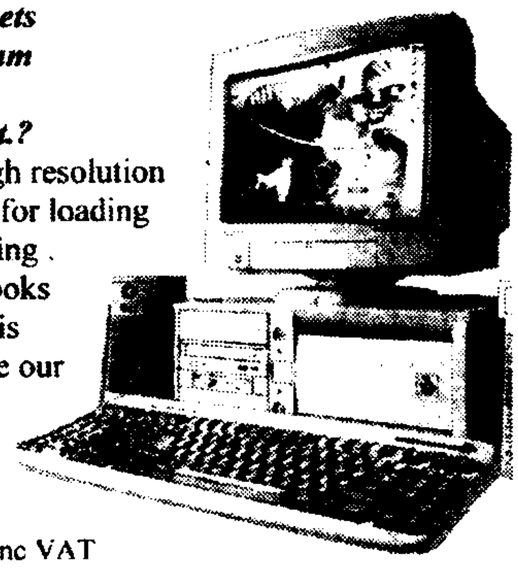
OU Hotline (24 hours) 01908 373077

University education and training open to all adults

Personalise your PC

Have ***your favourite*** photo put discretely onto your PC so that it appears on start-up and when your PC is not busy.

- ***Your favourite sporting shot***
- ***Your family, children or pets***
- ***Perhaps your favourite team***
- ***Even your favourite place***
- ***Why not your favourite art.?***



Scanned as an easy to load, high resolution Windows Bitmap, it is suitable for loading as wallpaper or for colour printing . Ideal for Windows 95, it also looks good with 3.11 if free memory is sufficient. If not don't worry use our **No quibble Total Satisfaction Money-back Guarantee.**

Send :

Your colour print (Up to 220mm x 350mm). with a cheque for £14.99 inc VAT (single image), for second third and fourth images add £9.99 each.

We will scan it to 2 different sized files on a 3½" 1.44 MB, floppy disk and quickly return print and disk with easy to follow instructions.

Cheques crossed & payable to GAP.

(Godfrey Aked Partnership) PO. Box 46, Pattishall,Towcester. NN12 8YR.

Queries or enquiries regarding commercial presentations 01327 830566.

Produced on a Virus Free System. - Makes an ideal gift

Complete IT Solutions

Odin Technologies

With our total approach to IT we can provide a single source for all your hardware, software and servicing needs, including-

- ❑ Networks designed and implemented according to how your office works.
- ❑ Structured cabling systems to improve or add to your current cabling system.
- ❑ Planning & building Internet/ Intranet, telecommuting & messaging solutions.
- ❑ System maintenance & servicing including Windows 95® & NT® troubleshooting.
- ❑ Components, peripherals and system upgrades. Quality at competitive prices.
- ❑ Bespoke database design to increase your office's productivity & integration.
- ❑ Computers custom built for your company and its needs.

We make computers work for you!

For a free initial consultation phone (0171) 727 7082

7 Fleetwood Rd. London NW10 1NB

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Linage Advertisements
£1.75 per word inclusive
0171 439 1151

Send advertisements and Box Number replies to: PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Tel: 0171 439 1141. Fax: 0171 437 0705. E-mail: eyeads@cix.compulink.co.uk

Deadline for next issue — 6th MAY

ELECTION SPECIALS

LOONY LOONY/The Pundits' Song by Bigg Ben & The Pundits — The record to put general elections into context. CD or limited edition Double Wax Cylinder. To order 'phone FACE MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS — 0191 495 2244.

POLITICAL PLAYING CARDS — free catalogue INTERCOL, 43 Templars Crescent, London NW3 3QR, 0181 349 2207.

VOTE FOR US — on behalf of the FILLING YOUR PANTS WITH HOT CHESTNUTS AND RUNNING THROUGH A BANK SHOUTING "UNCLE FRANK STOLE MY PENCIL CASE" PARTY — We don't expect any votes so have spent our campaign budget at X-MUSIC — High Tech Specialists. Sorry! Brighton 01273 624 240, Bristol 01179 734 734, Chelsea 0171 349 9444, Dublin 01677 9377.

EYE SAY

TO MY DREAM TURNIP — Happy Birthday, love SUE.

LIFESPAN FINANCE SAY — Thanks, Paul, for all your help. Whoop DD.

TO KATE — for definitions of "HYGENE" (sic) and "STALLION", and a new typewriter ribbon, please call BERNARD JAMES 0836 789896 or 01793 619790.

MAKE FRIENDS in AMERICA — See EYE CONTACT

BBC NEWSREADERS Conspiracy. http://pair.com/spook/

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 30.

EYE NOVELTIES

MOULD-A-WILLY KIT — make an EXACT REPLICA of your WILLY as a RUBBER VIBRO! The Ultimate Personalised Gift — £14.95 + 2.50p&p. QUANTUM DESIGN, Freepost (BS-9384-P), Dorchester, DT1 1BR.

LIVE CARICATURISTS! — 0181 520 7262.

REVENGE? — Caricatures from photos — 01273 207690.

NAUGHTY CRACKERS — for any sort of occasion. Stag/Hen/Office/Dinner Parties — any number. Brochures on request. Telephone: 01323 833138.

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLLLLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH! — Give someone a real mouthful from Wales, send them a personalised greeting from the place with the longest name in Britain, fun for any occasion! Details SAE to: Mr G. H. JONES, PO Box 1, Bangor, Gwynedd LL59 5ZL.

FOR THE ULTIMATE professional CARICATURE — telephone 01389 878175.

WALKABOUT MAGICIAN — 01380 850453.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — £10 — 01428 604931.

KEYRING LASERS — £24.95 — details 01264 362215.

INFLATABLE BANANA — 60" long. £10 cheques to PREPOSTEROUS PRESENTS, 262 Upper Street, London N1. Tel: 0171 226 4166.

BIRTHDAY DUE? Give an original newspaper dated VERY DAY THEY WERE BORN! — £19.95. 01492 531195.

PRIZEWINNING PORTRAITIST does oils from photos — yours, children's, pets — 0181 672 3550.

PETS PORTRAITS — from photos. 0161 839 6093.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — Berks/Hants/Herts/Oxon/Surrey & over London! £115 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 0181 840 0108.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Durn Cottage, Scotscalder, Scotland KW12 6XJ.

CRICKETERS — wall plaques: flying ducks, cars, doctors, ballet, firemen, cops, etc. SAE for catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton BN2 1GJ (01273-606240). Access/Visa.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS — 01639 644292.

BALLOON SAFARIS — around London/South East — gift vouchers 01784 451007.

CARICATURES from photos — 01327 359213.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. INTERNATIONAL STAR REGISTRY allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £55 inclusive. Call FREEPHONE 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

YOUR CRICKET GIFT problems solved — unusual cricket gifts and trophies. Ring for Cricketer Gift Catalogue 01892 740697.

FLYING, GLIDING, helicopters, vintage aircraft, ballooning, simulators, skydiving. Introductory gift vouchers from £55 valid 100+ locations nationwide. FREE brochure: ACORNE SPORTS 01494 451703.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

EYE READ

VACANCY FOR GRADUATE in English — send CV to BOOKS BOUGHT BOOKSHOP, 357 King's Road, SW3. 0171 352 9376.

OUT OF PRINT books found — 01376 562334.

BOOKS SEARCHED FOR — often found. £10 finding fee. No find — no fee. HILARY RITTNER 0181 858 7759.

MARK BLACKABY — Look What They've Done to the Blues, Gollanz, £9.99. Try it, to see if it fits your sense of humour.

EYE EARN

ISO 9002 — Totally baffled? BILL ANDERSON has some answers — 01380 721001.

WANT TO START your own business?? "The Ultimate Business Success Guide" answers ALL your questions. For FREE information write to: THE BUSINESS CENTRE, Dept. E.10, Freepost LON3545, London W14 9BR or telephone our infoline 0171 565 0194.

AMAZING BREAKTHROUGH — see EYE BET.

WANT TO RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS?
Very low start up costs, full support package, high earnings potential. Listen to our recorded message on 0181 926 1925.

PREMIER CHANCE — £300 per day from your armchair. Be positive minded, for FREE information pack telephone: (01462) 681919.

FREE TO JOIN — no cost. Reduce your telephone bill by up to 40% and encourage others to do the same. INCOME FOR LIFE!!!! FREE details from W.M.S., PO Box 1, WALLASEY L44 8JE.

EYE WANT

GAY STUDENT SEEKS info on UK Apron Fetish Scene. Box 0723.

PENSIONERS — Students. Public presence needed for overseas pension tax hearing in Edinburgh, late July. Reasonable expenses paid. Tel: 01835 822744.

FAMILIES WHO MOVED from city to country and transformed their lives for good or bad. For research and publication. 01562 887549, leave message.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH HUMAN NATURE? Thinker with big idea — millenarian dimensions — seeks patron/agent/publisher/journalist. Get the picture on http://business.netcom.co.uk/michael.bland/ or telephone 01603 270 346.

TEST KEYS: Academic researcher needs information — history, issuance, varieties, audit procedures, unreported losses/problems, detailed case histories, book references, domestic/foreign. Box 3123.

AIRMILES — 01273 689578.

EYE SELL

YOUR OWN HERALDIC COAT OF ARMS — Authentic or Humorous Style — from £75. Hand-painted on canvas texture paper — presented either in genuine Connolly leather scroll, or custom-made frame. Details from: CLASSIC HERALDIC ARTS INC, Tel/Fax: (01586) 810242.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3000. Shop not Shed. Wed-Sun, 10-6 DENNIS WOODMAN, East Exit Kew Gardens Station — 0181 878 8182. Beware of Imitators!

PIRELLI CALENDARS — 1966 71, 72, 73 mint boxed £200ea, £700 altogether. 0181 749 6513.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Marquee sale of Old Oriental Rugs at Kent country house — 3rd, 4th, 5th May. Mostly £100-£3,000. Card, details: DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham. 01622 871353.

FREE DIGITAL mobile phones! Free connection! Free 6 months line rental! Per second billing! AMAZING OFFER but true! Details from VarSol (PE), PO Box 1123, Doncaster DN11 9XL.

EVERYTHING YOU FANTASISE about — our Erotic Art catalogue has it all. Just send £7.50 (refundable against first order) to MARONAH STUDIO (PE), PO Box 103, Reading RG4 6YG.

RADIO CONTROLLED watches and clocks phenomenally accurate Junghans, Kundo and Zeon Tech timepieces by Mail Order. Free catalogue. CORNEAL CLOCKS & WATCHES, Freepost LS6541B, Leeds, LS8 5YY. Tel: 0113 293 7437 (24hrs 7 days)

COMPLETELY PAINLESS slimming! Free details! SAE to: DHP, 20 Church Road, Heston, Middx TW5 0LA.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD of love GET STUFFED at Richer Sounds. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 24 page catalogue/branch list.

EYE FINANCE

BANK TURNED DOWN your loan application for that special car? Prestigious second user company cars for small and new businesses. From Cavaliers to Porsche to Lexus. Maintenance inclusive and NO PGs. Call us at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

BLACKLISTED? Get Blackpages Directory! Also available insider "Credit Secrets". Phone 0181 230 6167 for more details. VARIOUS SOLUTIONS (PE), 44 Westgate, Tickhill, Doncaster DN11 9NQ.

CCJs & DEFAULTS LEGALLY removed permanently even if not satisfied. Plus Full Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 0181 688 9550.

NEED 3 MONTHS payslips? Lost them? We can supply identical duplicates — 01625 536456.

EYE HELP

PRESTIGIOUS CENTRAL LONDON address for private or business use — available to limited number of subscribers from £2 pw. Call 0181 351 0964.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS — Mayfair. Confidential. Personal Telephone Answering. WP. Recommended Contact List. Low Rates. 0171 409 7088.

WILL READ AND TRANSLATE German material into English for you. Germany, Dave. Fon/Fax 0049 2161 16987.

CREDIT PROBLEMS preventing loans, mortgages, credit cards, etc? Credit repair service covers all adverse credit items, only £45. CHILTERN ASSOCIATES, South 01273 604444, North 0161 9296006.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY — See page 30.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS/Secretarial, confidential — exceptional — inexpensive. POSTHASTE, Croydon 0181 688 8144.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 01482 658701.

£2 PW IS ALL IT COSTS for our discreet, confidential accommodation address. Also phone/fax services and short-term rooms. 0181 343 2316.

DEBT PROBLEMS? Chartered Accountant acts on success only basis. 0171 224 1231.

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address — interesting range low-profile privacy related services and products. 0181 556 2979 for brochure.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS Discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. REGENT STREET 0171 580 4242.

EYE HOMEHUNT

FEMALE EXPERIENCED manager administrator caretaker desperately needs free or low rent unfurnished country or coastal hideaway. Happy to work in return. Will consider anything. Help please. Box 3423.

EYE JOIN

NATURE RELIGIONS have GODDESSES as well as GODS! Information pack & magazine. Send £3 to: THE PAGAN FEDERATION, Dept PE, BM Box 7097, London WC1N 3XX.

EYE BET

AMAZING BREAKTHROUGH — how to make serious money from blackjack (not counting!). Start £20. Personal instructions. Guaranteed results. One per area. Details 0421 675366.

MAKE £21,870 without a stake. IMPOSSIBLE?? Find out how easily this money can be yours!! FREE details from W.M.S., PO Box 1, WALLASEY L44 8JE.

EYE JOBS

CATCH 22 — You'd like a well paid City career but you're over 24 and you seem to have missed the boat. We're a City firm with a difference. We offer exciting careers with potentially very large rewards for people of intelligence, personality and drive. Call LUKE OXLADE 0171 436 1824.

EX-MILITARY PERSONNEL wanted — must be fit, reliable, like the A Team. 0374 208113.

HOMEWORKERS NEEDED — be part of amazing trend — 0181 236 4020 (24 hrs).

BRIC-A-BRAC — 20th Century collectibles, antiques or clothing, jewellery expert, enthusiast (retail). 0171 727 3538.

EYE WORK

HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLES? Freelance Security Manager/Consultant seeks corporate position. Dedicated ruthless professional: 30 years experience. DAVID BENJAMIN, 01229 470372.

EYE PROTECT

CREDIT CARD FRAUD — Credit Repair, Privacy, Disappearance, Drug Info, Surveillance — FREE Infopack 0181 423 4849.

INTERNATIONAL Close Protection Association. Professional security cover — UK and Europe. VIP and executive protection including specialist child escort/protection operatives male/female. All operatives full personal vetting. Risk assessment surveys, de-bugging, limousine/helicopter service. Secure safe houses for high risk (UK only). For a confidential consultation phone: 0800 214512.

SURVEILLANCE PRODUCTS — room bugs, telephone taps, detectors, cameras, from £20. 01483 570417/0374 949630.

EYE HOMES

PICARDY — Modernised, detached cottage. Kitchen, dining room, bathroom, lounge/bedroom. Large room upstairs. Mains elec H&C. Secluded garden. Village location, views, 1hr Dieppe. 250,000F — telephone 01297 552914.

HOUSE FOR SALE in beautiful countryside near Manchester. 3 bedrooms, 2 receptions, garage, huge garden. £82,950 ono. 0161 427 8698.

RESTAURANT, SPANISH Pyrenees — Spacious accommodation. £80,000. Telephone 00 34 736 52056.

CONTRACT BEDS at silly prices! All types/sizes delivered FREE anywhere. Specially built for: hotels, b&b, self-catering and homes. All with 5 year warranty. Call POSTBEDS FREE 0800 393957.

EYE NEED

WIFE GONE — home gone, job going — please, please help. Box 0123.

THREE YOUNG CHILDREN — need more space. BARCLAYS 20-17-19, 50108618.

MENTAL HEALTH — urgently seeking funds for safe house project. 01296 622787.

FUNDS DESPERATELY needed to survive after business partner's sudden departure. Thank you. BARCLAYS 20-18-47, 90582611.

DESPERATE WIDOW needs £5,000. Legal fees. Must resolve boundary dispute to sell house. Box 0223.

IMPOVERISHED ARTIST needs help. BARCLAYS 20-55-13, 60474371.

DESPERATE GIRL needs £2,000 for home. Contributions to Box 0323. Thanks.

ANTHROPOLOGY STUDENT volunteer fundraising £1,200 to aid elderly in Estonia — please help. CLYDESDALE BANK 82-20-00, Account 10402912.

JAZZ TROMBONIST needs £1,450 for new instrument. Box 0423.

MEDICAL STUDENT, Oxbridge final year, needs £6,500 to graduate. BARCLAYS 20-90-69, 10694045.

SCHOOL FOR DISABLED children — priceless 40 year film archives threatened with disintegration. Funds needed for urgent restoration. Box 0523.

FARNHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL lives on thro' you its students. Contact us reunion of year 1960-1967 urgently. Phone PAUL 01483 898563/457077. Write DONALD, Box 0623. Donations to NATWEST 60-10-14, Acc. No. 58547169.

CONSERVATIVES — £100 guarantees my vote for life. CO-OP 08-93-00, 08240545.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY student cannot survive on £2,100 grant — please help me. BARCLAYS Sort Code: 20-42-73, Account 30455172.

£16,000 SPONSORSHIP! Single mother/nurse aiding victims in Angola/Mozambique. NATWEST: A/c 41720695 60-50-06. Genuine thanks!

YOUNG WRITER SEEKS mysterious benefactor for title deeds to sanctuary. Box 3023.

EYE CARE

WEIGHT PROBLEM? Try LIPOLEAN — totally herbal — 01226 771325.

PROSTATE PROBLEMS? Try PROSLAN — totally herbal — 01226 771325.

ERECTION CORRECTION — treatment for impotence and related disorders. Call GALAHAD CENTRE on 0800 163 861.

SEXATIONAL new intimate supplement — ERECTOBOOST (TOUCHFIRE HIS). Amazing - Arousing -Mindboggling - Superb - Enhancing - Satisfying. For male adults only — £34.99 inc p&p. Special introductory offer. Helps put the staying power back into your intimate moments. Guaranteed total satisfaction for you and your partner or your money back! For priority despatch enclose cheque/PO to: EBONY & IVORY MARKETING, 324 Alexandra Park Road, London N22 4BD. (All orders confidentially packaged.)

STRESS COUNSELLING FROM qualified ITEC Aromatherapist — alleviate aches, pains, fatigue, anxiety etc, restore energy levels, soothe, calm nervous system, blissful experience. Telephone CODY 0181 376 1446.

TELEPHONE COUNSELLING — long/short term therapy. Daytime/evenings. Affordable. Call THE ALEXANDER GROUP PSYCHOLOGISTS for appointment — 01545 560402.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 0171 935 0023.

EYE ESCAPE

VEGIVENTURES CRETE — low cost holiday 15-29 July. Small friendly group, great vegetarian/vegan food, singles welcome. FREE BROCHURE 01760 755888.

PERU — Andean Rainforest Experience — 12 August-2 September. FREE brochure: VEGIVENTURES 01760 755888.

CITY BREAKS OUR WAY! — Budapest/Prague/Cracow/Vienna — hotels from £20 p. person, flights from £139.00 + tax. AUTO PLAN — 01543 257777.

HOLIDAYS ON CORNISH smallholding: Barn flats for two. Self catering. Pets (and horses) accommodated. Close Bodmin moor and Looe valley. 01579 320280 phone or fax.

THERAPEUTIC SAILING from Southampton — 01923 283855.

DORDOGNE LES EYZIES — highest quality private cottage/pool. Picturesque location. Telephone/fax: 0033 553084525.

NEANDERTHAL MAN wants to be understood. Let's get dirty together in Spain. Call EARTHWATCH on 01865 311600.

HORSE-HIRE — no escorts. Trails 2-7 days. Wales. Stay farms/inns. Telephone FreeRein, 01497 821356.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 21 weeks camping adventures. For the best value gamewatching & sightseeing, telephone PHOENIX EXPEDITIONS 01509 881818.

TUSCANY — s/c farmhouse, reasonable, convenient, comfortable. Phone 24 hours 01686 413345.

AFRICA OVERLAND — Cairo to Cape Town Expedition. Departs 1st August. More information call RON 01740 623633 or 0410155985.

NEAR HEREFORD — Holiday cottage twin & double bedrooms. Sky TV ETB Commended. For details tel/fax LIZ & HENRY ROGERS on 01432 850722.

GREEK ISLANDS — Magical Cyclades in the Aegean. Mykonos, Paros, Naxos, Ios, Santorini, Milos, Sifnos etc. Quiet tavernas on secluded beaches or lively nights on the town. Simply great! SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS, ATOL 2578. 0171 373 1933.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB — five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £235. Accommodation lists supplied. Tel: 01285 760415 for brochure.

SKYDIVE for Tandem Skydives and Parachuting courses — 01832 280490.

SPANISH PYRENEES — 00 34 73 252076.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 3-27 weeks from £400. 0171 731 6142 for brochure.

TRAVEL INSURANCE — to meet every traveller's needs at competitive prices? We can offer flexible cover and excellent service at prices well below those found in the High Street. Underwritten by the UK's largest travel insurer. Call CLUB DIRECT on 01243 787835.

TREK THROUGH ZANSKAR — 5th July; jeep safari and trek in LADAKH — 16th August; geological tour through SPITI — 3rd August; Motor cycle tour — 9th August; Wildflowers — 19th July; self-drive 4x4 jeep safari — 6th September; many more interesting tours in INDIA. Call HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS 01323 422213.

SEACANOE — AWARD winning "back to nature" adventure tours in THAILAND, VIETNAM and the PHILIPPINES. eyeinfo@seacanoe.com http://www.seacanoe.com Tel/Fax 0066 76 212 252/212 172.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — TOURS: 0181 747 8315. FLIGHTS: 0181 747 3108.

SEEKING THE ULTIMATE adventure? African overland expeditions, hotel & camping safaris, mountain treks or South American adventure holidays from 1-24 weeks. ABTA bonded. For our new brochure and information on video evenings, call: KUMUKA EXPEDITIONS on 01233 211666.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. Our superb brochure will open your eyes to the adventure of a lifetime. Egypt, Madagascar, Albania, Japan, Iran, Vietman, Yemem... Plus 170 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, Americas. Small groups. 1-6 weeks. Tel: 01252 344161 (24hrs). Fully bonded AITO/ATOL 2595.

VISIT VIETNAM — Brochure 0171 727 5299.

LANZAROTE — Cottage. 00 34 28 526100.

OVERLAND CAMPING safaris through Africa, Egypt, Turkey. 4-27 weeks. AFRICAN TRAILS, tel: 0181 742 7724.

EYE FLY

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599/680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL Holders.

ANNUAL MULTI-TRIP Travel Insurance Policy — £59. Call AIR BOUND TRAVEL on 01162 629396.

FLIGHT OPTIONS — telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL 3793.

LOW-COST WORLDWIDE flight specialists. Please call 0171 287 1222 IATA/ATOL.

EYE DETECT

KNIGHTS INVESTIGATIONS — professional & confidential enquiries undertaken with regard to the following: missing persons traced, matrimonial, surveillance, status reports, theft & fraud, company searches, insurance claims (verified). We also offer a range of other services including: body guards, process serving and vehicle repossessions. FREEPHONE: 0800 163175.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
— 01737 844824.

CLEVER DICK Investigations — ex-directory numbers obtained. 0468 847207.

LINK INVESTIGATIONS — the private and commercial information agency. Professional, confidential, 0973 842330.

ENIGMA INVESTIGATIONS — discreet commercial and personal enquiries. 0171 793 1672.

EYE TECH

WEB SITES DESIGNED and maintained — front page graphics design. 0141 578 0015 peter@pronetweb.co.uk

CUSTOMISED SCREEN-SAVERS — personal/business. 01254 876372.

RESIDUAL INCOME from the internet — FREECALL 0500 011787.

PC PROBLEMS? We can help with support installation and development. TRI-STATE CONSULTANTS 0181 361 8895.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMERS make great Skydivers — 01832 280490.

FREE BUSINESS Webpages — http://www.twelvetrees.co.uk/eye-eye

FAX BROADCASTING — means you can fax hundreds of people in seconds. To find out how it can increase your reach and lower your costs, call MARTIN DYER on 07000 329 626 now.

UNIX SPECIALIST — 0181 979 9774.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

EYE HEAR

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ — trio to marching band — anywhere/anytime. 01703 228950.

REAL RAGTIME PIANO — genial, melodious, evocative. Business/functions/receptions. Prefer 50m radius Oxon. Phone 01865 407 904.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1,900 hits 1950-1997. Also sales. 0181 318 2852.

JAZZ TRIO — available for corporate/private functions, 0181 518 1881.

EYE FIND

SMZH — LONDON E1 — contact D urgently. Box 2823.

MISSING PERSONS found — FREEPHONE: 0800 163175.

EYE BUYS

EYES FROM EDITION 463 — any offers? 0181 979 7102.

EYE LEARN

DANIEL ROUAH BARBER SHOP — shaving problem? Free shaving lessons, facials, manicures, pedicures, electrolysis, waxing, back-cleanse, scalp treatment, hair cutting. London's premier skin-care salon for men. A MALE MAKEOVER: 0171 487 3198/0171 935 6481. 07000 NO.1 BARBER.

INTENSIVE DRIVING courses — centres nationwide. 01248 853970 (brochure).

UNIVERSITY DEGREES POSTAL — 0161 795 3056.

GLIDING! Learn the art of silent flight in Yorkshire this summer, from only £245.00/week. Free 1 year's membership included. Call SIMON on 01759 303579 for information pack.

GLIDING COURSES — spectacular Scottish Highlands. 01631 740316.

CRASH DRIVING COURSES — 01983 856137.

EYE CONTACT

MEET GIRLS FROM Scandinavia & worldwide. FREE details. WWC, Box 4026, S-42404 Angered, Sweden.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — details from J. CROSBIE, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

THAI CONNECTION — over 300 marriages — established 8 years. FREE brochure 01582 481725.

ATTRACTIVE, SINCERE central European women make perfect partners. Gentlemen contact: HARMONY INTRODUCTIONS, 12 Gwyn Close, Newbury RG14 6JB.

PENPAL MAG for adults; over 500 photos. APPROVAL copy from MATCHMAKER. (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BS. Or ring 01257 480155 (24 hours).

THE WOMAN OF your dreams is in Russia and available. Tel: 01248 355640, Fax 371711. RUSSIA HOUSE, Bangor (P)LL57 2HF.

HEDONISM PARTIES — decadent, uninhibited, exhibitionist funloving risque party animals — SAE PO BOX 153, Greenford UB6 8LY. 0181 575 2052.

UPWRITE PENFRIENDS — make friends in America. For details write: UPWRITE PENFRIENDS, 274 Eastchester Drive, Suite 117-115, High Point, NC 27262 — 7721, USA.

REFLECTIONS PENFRIENDS — FREE advert. SAE for details: 68/P Field Lane, Frimley GU16 5JZ. Phone 01276 502134 (answerphone).

ADULT NATIONWIDE contact club. Exclusive magazine, weekly parties. Couples and singles. Phone 01234 264 409.

PLUMP PARTNERS — National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner — ring 01352 715909.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES — colour brochure 01689 860880.

MAMMAS & PAPPAS introductions — our ladies have a child, most own home and car. We need male partners NOW. 0181 769 6805.

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 110660/S, 10836 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049-30-2513318.

SEEKING FRIENDS/Soulmate? Countryside/animal lovers, EVERGREEN FRIENDSHIP AGENCY 01992 632250.

BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE, Malaysian, Philippine, Indonesian ladies. Meet in UK — 07000 783810. Sae for photo/profiles: AUKFC 59/60, Derby Square, IOM IM1 3LP.

MARGARET'S SPECIAL PEN Club — make new friends today UK & overseas. SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est. 1986.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — 0181 348 5229.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN marriage introduction arranged. SUMAN MARRIAGE BUREAU — Estd 1972, Telephone 0181 574 4867.

CLUB X — private contacts, weekly adult parties, exclusive magazine, couples/singles. 07000 781 652

PERSON TO PERSON — best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS Bargain Offer! (Dept PE/6) PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN Introductions Magazine, Leicester LE4 5LN, Tel/Fax: 0116 261 0266.

EYE LOVE

BEAUTIFUL MUSLIM female seeks wealthy, established muslim 30+ for matrimony. London. Box 0923.

QUIET CAMBRIDGE MALE, 29, seeks nice kind girl. Box 1023.

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, WRITER — own business. Busy! But would love to spend his spare time with an attractive N/S lady, under 40. Box 1323.

UNSPEAKABLY NASTY, dirty adulterous pervert, 40s, wltm chain smoking, alcoholic, badly behaved brunette, with long legs and an hour glass shape, in the London area. Box 1723.

FAT CAT WITH JAG needs Manchester pussycat to spoil. Box 1223.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL male, 40ish, seeks lady 18-40 for daytime dalliance. No strings. West Yorkshire. Box 1123.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL male, thirties, tall, gsoh, seeks attractive lady for occasional discreet amorous liaisons. Scotland. Box 0823.

ATTRACTIVE BERKS divorcée, 40s, seeks civilised, intelligent and engaging lover. Photo please! Box 1423.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, separated, 30, would like to meet caring white professional/educated man for genuine friendship/relationship. North West London. Box 1523.

SENSUAL DAWN FRENCH type wants to be loved, spoiled and pampered by successful male over 40. Box 1623.

STRICTISH GENT (55) wltm buxom submissive n/s female. Clacton, Essex. Box 1823.

TALL, HANDSOME, married man wltm attractive married lady 35+ for discreet affair. Yorkshire area. Box 1923.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN, but still human (married) would love to share mid-week magic moments with a special lady (married or attached). Me? forty-something, slim and fit. You are sensuous, slim, discrete but above all would enjoy sharing quality time out from our other lives. NE Kent/S. Essex. Box 2023.

NICE NORMAL MAN, 35, n/s, gsoh, in platonic marriage seeks a special woman for intimate discreet relationship. All letters with photo answered. I promise. Box 2123.

HUMOROUS WRITER, early 40s, in loving but loveless marriage seeks urgent release with uninhibited woman. Tall, bald and a bit hunky (me, not you). W. London. Box 2223.

DEPRESSIVE MANIC seeks manic depressive. Bipolar male (28, Manchester) seeks intelligent bipolar female. Box 2323.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, attached mediterranean male, 28, brown eyes, athletic build seeks female for fun and frolics. Discretion assured. London, Essex, Herts. Box 2423.

SUBMISSIVE FEMALE sought — Cheshire. Box 1022.

GRADUATE MALE, 27, computer programmer, seeks attractive, sincere female for trips to pubs, restaurants and cinema in London. Box 2122.

JERRY SEEKING Mrs Maguire — globe-trotting, mid-40s professional, passionately into exploring life to merge with liberated femme with heart, soul and style. Box 2521.

MARRIED, TALL, attractive millionaire Englishman, 48 yrs, lives in Hong Kong, but frequently in UK. Seeks N/S attractive girl (25-45) for mutually beneficial relationship with no ties, no commitments. Photo and letter appreciated. Box 3521.

CARING FUNNY FEMALE, 35, short but healthy, new to South-East, likes books, sport, cinema, music, etc, seeks interesting man for laughs and more? Box 3223.

EYE SOLDIER

UNLESS AN OFFICER ($31^{1}/_{7}$ to $44^{11}/_{13}$, male, nice, gsoh) writes to me ($35^{4}/_{9}$, female, etc) immediately, I'll jump from the window. Box 2723.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.75 PER WORD
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD: 0171 439 1151
E-MAIL YOUR AD WITH CC DETAILS: eyeads@cix.compulink.co.uk
MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD: 0171 437 0705
BOX NUMBER (FOR NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS ONLY) £8
GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS
5% FOR 3 ADS / 10% FOR 6 ADS
15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS
THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT
QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION: 0171 439 1141

"I wouldn't mind a p***s ...! But I'd never give up my boobs!!" exclaimed Janet. John smiled.

JANET & JOHN'S HOT WEEKEND

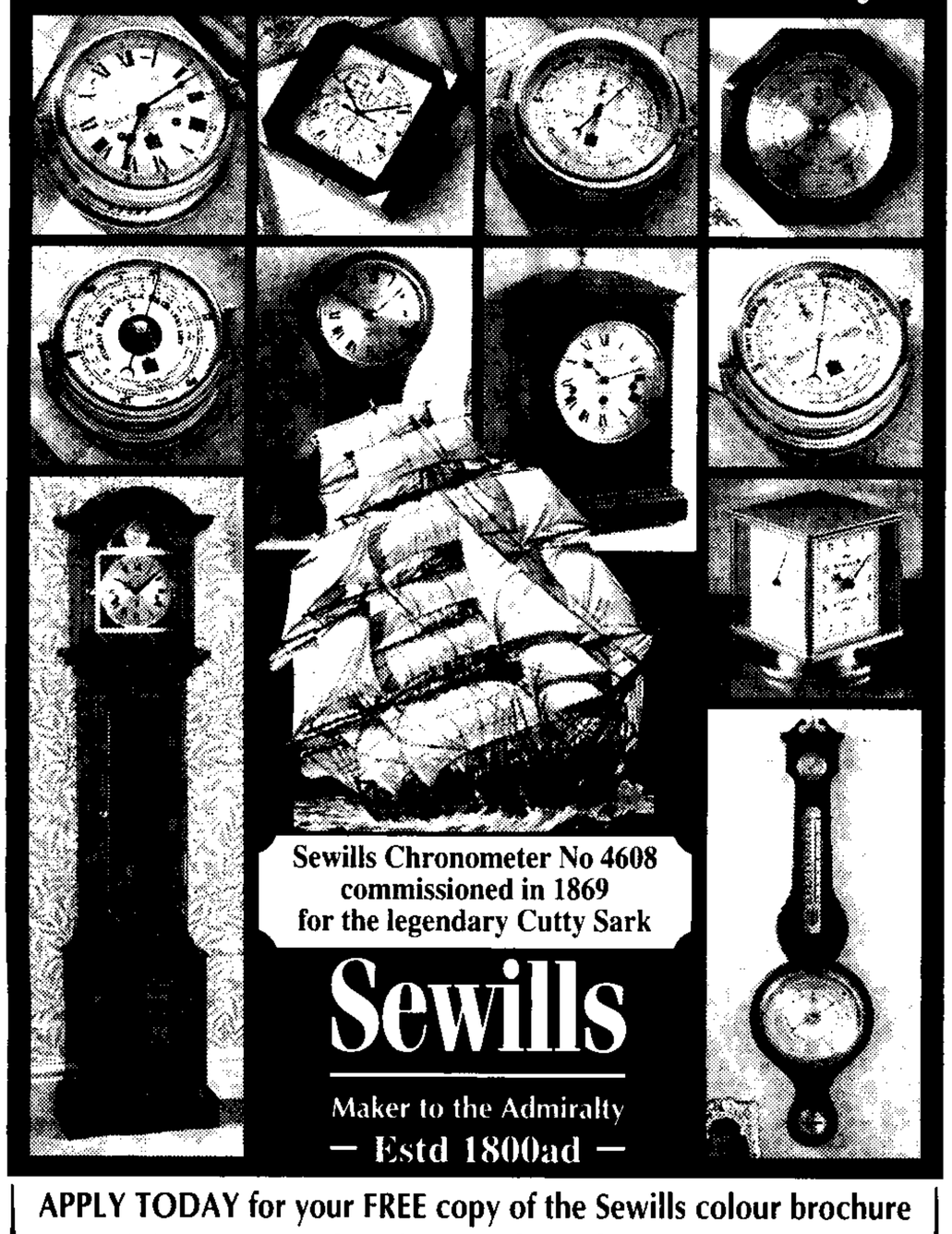
Jo Bedingfield

The Ultimate in black comedy.

Exclusive to Eye readers for a limited period - for the special price of just £10 (P&P free, UK only) from: TDP, PO Box 2187, Radstock, Bath, BA33FH

Please allow 21 days for delivery

Chronometer, Watch and Nautical Instrument maker to, The Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.



Sewills Chronometer No 4608 commissioned in 1869 for the legendary Cutty Sark

Sewills

Maker to the Admiralty
— Estd 1800ad —

APPLY TODAY for your FREE copy of the Sewills colour brochure containing over 150 timepieces and weather instruments. Prices from £20 to £3,000. Plus details of FREE Sewills gifts.

Phone: **0151 708 0099** quote ref:

Or fax us on: 0151 708 6777.

N976 Sewills, Cornhill House, 24 Cornhill, Liverpool L1 8DZ

Simply complete the coupon below and post it to:
Sewills, Cornhill House, 24 Cornhill, Liverpool L1 8DZ

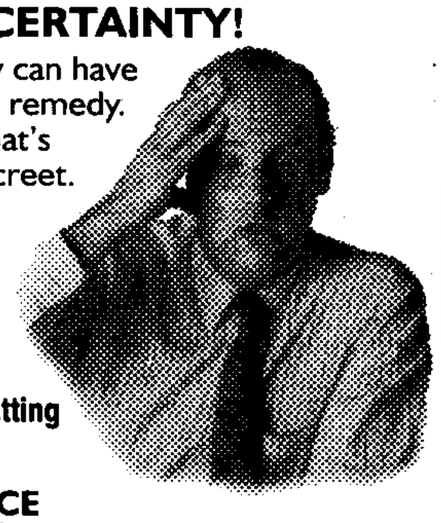
Name:(Mr/Mrs/Ms.)_____ quote ref:

Address:_____ PE 05

_____

_____Postcode: _____

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!



Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.

■ **UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters** ■ **Body Wires and Wire Taps** ■ **Radio and Computer Controlled Systems** ■ **Specialist Receivers and Recorders** ■ **Recording and Transmitting Briefcases** ■ **Counter Surveillance Equipment**

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW

0181-558 4226

PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS FAX 0181 558 1338

PE

Are You Tempted?

THE *Erotic* Print Society's *Catalogue* is a rude but sophisticated little 80-page book full of new and exciting colour images. An exotic tour of our classic and contemporary limited editions. A must for your library's top shelf.

"A *wicked* little volume..."

Send £5.00 cheque (to EPS) or Mastercard/Visa details to: EPS (dept PER), PO Box 10645, London SW10 9ZT. tel 0171-351 6957 fax 0171-244 8999.
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT - dispatch to purchasers *only*.

MultiMax

THE BEST SOFTWARE THE BEST SERVICE THE BEST PRICES

Enjoy *ALL* of the benefits of a Hands-Free Secretary!!
Speak your letters directly into your word-processor at up to 90 w.p.m.
IBM Voice Type: Simply Speaking - £75.00 + VAT

Web Site Design
Put your company on the world wide web and reach millions in the UK and overseas. Full consultancy and design service, reasonable costs.

MS Office Professional
from £99.00 + VAT (home use only)
from £199.00 +VAT (business use)

The Plant Finder Reference Library CD
Unique compilation of data and software for the serious gardener. Includes the most up-to-date RHS Plant Finder
Just £25.00 + VAT

We stock 1000s of titles - please call for a catalogue

Credit Card Orders (all major credit cards accepted)
Tel: 01652 651 651 Fax: 01652 654568 Mon-Fri 9.00-6.00, Sat 9.30-1.00
By Post: Cheques/PO to MultiMax Ltd, PO Box 28, Brigg DN20 9QH

THE FUNNIEST WAY TO WIND UP A FRIEND!

Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction!!!

MR FURY 0336 426 381

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT 0336 426 382

YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR 0336 426 383

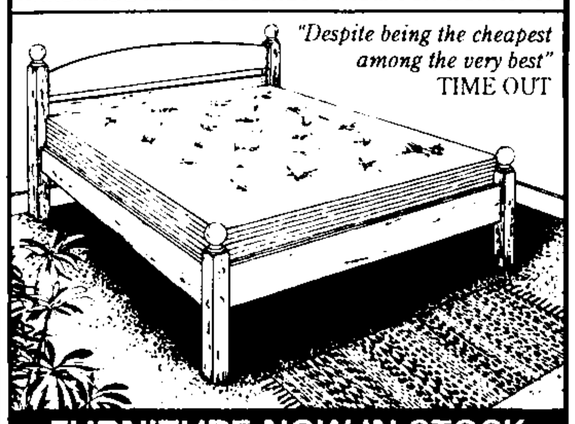
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER 0336 426 384

LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ 0336 426 385

Jokelines, PO Box 43 Warminster Wilts BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 45p/min cheap 50/min all other times

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



"Despite being the cheapest among the very best" TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK

242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 0171 624 3024

Architectural PLANTS

PECULIAR NURSERY
PECULIAR PLANTS
PECULIAR GARDENS

For Free Catalogue Contact :
Architectural Plants, Nuthurst, Horsham
West Sussex RH13 6LH
01403 891772
SEE WHAT YOU THINK

Learn to fly a
HELICOPTER

"PROBABLY THE MOST LIBERATING EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD"

Call now to book a: available as a gift
Trial Lesson .....(£95 inc vat - briefing + ½hr flight)
Introductory Course .....(£440 inc vat - briefings + 2½hrs flight)

Heli Air Ltd: Training Sales Self Fly Hire
R22 R44 Bell206 Enstrom Hughes 300&500

Nr London: Denham Aerodrome - Jn1a M40, Jn16 M25. Tel. 01895 835899
Nr Birmingham: Wellesbourne Airfield - Jn15 M40. Tel 01789 470476

SOD VANITY PUBLISHERS!

Leading independent publisher offers full publishing service to aspiring self-publishers and small presses. We will organise everything for you, from editing and proofing to cover design, ISBN, layout, printing & binding, plus positive advice on sales & distribution. *Eg: (from disk/typed mss.) 2,000 large format paperbacks, full-colour laminated cover, approx. £4,000 (inc).* Use our expertise & our contacts.

The Do-Not Press
PO Box 4215, London SE23 2QD
0181-291 7733 fax: 0181-244 6815
Please note: we do not offer to publish your manuscript on The Do-Not Press imprint.

...ertisement

No. 923
Friday
2 May '97

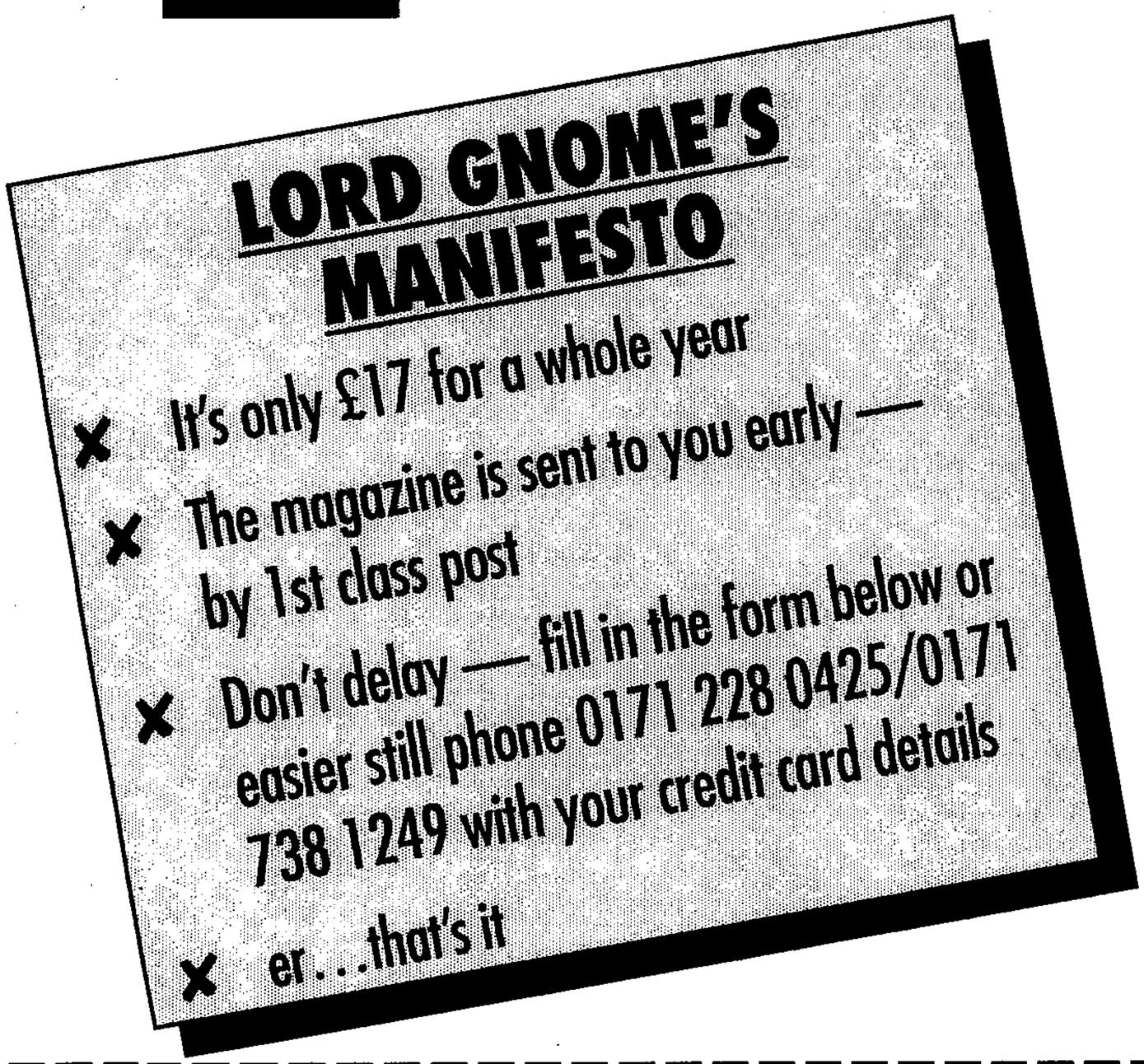
PRIVATE EYE

THE NATION DECIDES

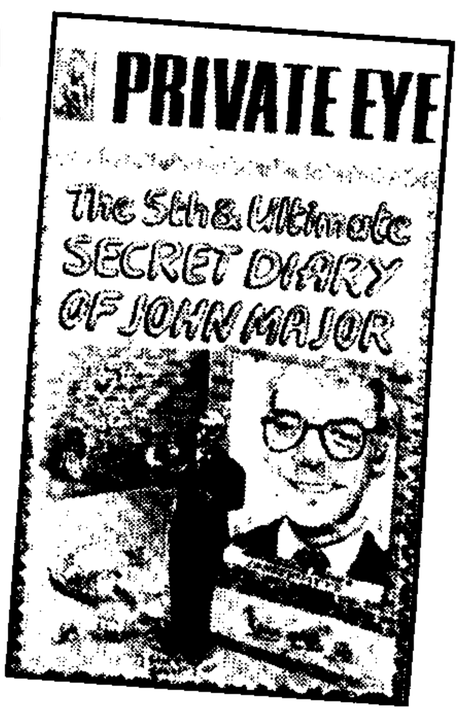
but

there's only one choice!

☒ SUBSCRIBE


LORD GNOME'S MANIFESTO
It's only £17 for a whole year
The magazine is sent to you early — by 1st class post
Don't delay — fill in the form below or easier still phone 0171 228 0425/0171 738 1249 with your credit card details
er. . . that's it

and we'll bribe you with the *very* last John Major Diaries book



FREE

Offer applies to new subscribers only
CLOSING DATE 23 MAY
Books sent by return of post

To: **PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS BOOK OFFER**, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.
I enclose £17* (cheques payable to Private Eye).

Name of NEW SUBSCRIBER .....

Address .....

.....

(please print & use the postcode)

ISSN 0032-888X

or Debit my ACCESS/VISA Number ..... Expiry date .....

Name of CARDHOLDER (if different) .....

Address .....

.....

*UK rate, for overseas rates see under *Gnome*

(please print & use the postcode)

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971